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THE NECKLACE.



THE OLD CITY OF LEGHORN

Lazy Leghorn: The Brighton of Italy

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

LEGHORN is the Brighton of Italy. If, however, you ask any Italian where Leghorn is, he will exhibit his palms and be unable to tell you. Only the English know it by that name. To every one else it is Livorno, the pleasantest town in Tuscany, and the gayest during the summer months, when the princes, marquises, and counts, with their families, which go to make up society in Rome, Florence, and Bologna, all flock hither for sea air and sea baths.

To know Leghorn is to love Italy. After twenty years of wandering on the Continent I think I have formed a pretty accurate opinion of most of the well-known health resorts. I have tramped the *plages* of Trouville, Dieppe, Ostend, and Scheveningen; I have spent summers at San Sebastian, Biarritz, and Arcachon; I have swallowed the more or less palatable waters at

Vichy, Royat, Spa, Wiesbaden, and Homburg, and have basked in the winter sunshine at Nice and at Algiers. All have their own particular attractions; yet at the outset I assert that none possess such distinct charm for the wanderer as lazy Leghorn. The town itself—or, at least, the commercial centre—is not without many beauties. The broad Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, one side of which is flanked by the imposing *façade* of the Cathedral, is surrounded by cool arcades, and at the further end, upon a huge old palace, the wandering Englishman's eyes will be rejoiced at seeing the Royal arms over the British Consulate. That is about all there is English in Leghorn. Everything else is purely Italian—Tuscan for the most part, and things Tuscan are of the very best.

In the quaint old streets and enormous piazzas there is a veritable phantasmagoria of colour from dawn to night,

save for the hours of the *siesta*, when the town, gasping beneath the sun-blaze, is a veritable city of the dead. Even the very dogs lie down and sleep until four, when, the sun's power being on the wane, all Leghorn is agog, and the real life of the place commences. It is then to the baths every one flocks, either by electric tram or in those smart swift cabs — little open conveyances — which take you miles for the modest sum of eightpence. Beyond the port, eastward, is the long and beautiful sea-front, unequalled in the whole of Italy.

To the Tuscan this esplanade is known by its ancient name, the *Passeggio*, but to the stranger it is the *Viale Regina Margherita*, a long line of high houses and palaces sun-blached and each with their green sun-shutters, which are kept carefully closed all day to shut out the glare reflected from the sapphire Mediterranean so lazily lapping the shore. This esplanade continues out of the town some four miles to the quaint little village of Antignano, all the way being flanked by ornamental gardens brilliant with those bright-coloured flowers only seen in hot-houses in England. At the baths, however, the life of the place is centred,



PIAZZA VITTORIO EMANUELE

a life unique throughout the length and breadth of Europe. The baths, of which there are several, Pancaldi's being the most fashionable, are really long concrete platforms built out upon the rocks into the sea, and upon them are erected rows of bathing tents where between the hours of four and six all Leghorn disports itself in the clear sunlit waters, afterwards lounging on chairs set in circles beneath the wide canvas awnings to smoke, gossip, drink vermouth, and enjoy the gentle breeze which never fails to spring up at sundown.

In summer no hostess receives at



THE SEA FRONT OF LEGHORN

home, because at Pancaldi's there is this daily reunion where one meets every one else informally either in the water or out of it. Bathing customs are different here to our rigid English ideas. There is no isolation of the sexes, and consequently much merriment in the water. Here, at Pancaldi's, one meets the best Italian society, bearers of names which were princely in bygone ages disporting themselves in the water, splashing each other and laughing that merry light-hearted laugh so peculiarly Italian.

The people of Leghorn, those handsome, dark-eyed, dark-haired, neat-ankled girls and women, poor though

The Brighton of Italy offers an entirely new field for the Briton, sick of the ghastly monotony of the average watering-place. In Leghorn he will find a panorama of life fresh and interesting, quaint scenes at every street corner, and change at every turn. If he desires to bathe he will enjoy absolutely the best bathing in Europe; if he is an enthusiast of opera he can hear at the Goldoni, the Politeama, or the open-air arena, the Alfieri, all the best works of the Italian masters, from Verdi's popular pieces to the last work of Mascagni—who, by the way, is a native and resident of Leghorn—and get a



BATHS AT ANTIGNANO

they may be, dress with a taste which would do credit to an English duchess. They affect the palest and most delicate of blues, pinks, and mauves, and around their heads twist a long silken scarf of black, or perhaps pale blue or rose, held in its place by a large ornamental pin of silver filigree. In the ears of some are great hoop rings, but in the faces of all is that dark, semi-tragic beauty which is so essentially Tuscan. Indeed, search Europe over and you will never find a town peopled by women so beautiful, or men so careless, lighthearted, and yet manly, as lazy Leghorn, the pearl of the Mediterranean.

comfortable seat for the not altogether ruinous sum of fivepence. At the Grand Opera, done as it can only be in Italy, it is my habit to pay four shillings for a box! Orchestra, singing, scenery, are all equal to that to which we are accustomed at Covent Garden, for, be it remembered, that artists who appear in Italy go afterwards for the opera season to London. To those to whom Italy is new ground Leghorn is an excellent centre, for Pisa, with its famed leaning tower is only ten miles distant, Florence is within easy reach, while Vallombrosa, the Baths of Lucca, Montecatini, and the various summer



THE PIAZZA CAVOUR

stations in the Apennines, are all within reach for a few francs.

Again, if any there be who collect old

furniture let them come to Leghorn, for they will find as much as they care to purchase at prices that are simply ridiculous. The Tuscan is glad to get rid of what he calls "old rubbish" and exchange it for new, hence bargains are to be had for the asking.

Leghorn, "the place where the hats come from"—although, truth to tell, no straw hat is made within sixty miles of the place—is essentially a city of violent contrasts, of life and colour, of movement and gaiety, of music, laughter, and pretty women. The stranger on his way across one of the great sunny piazzas will, perhaps, encounter a strange procession of men habited in long black cloaks from head to foot, with only two small slits for the eyes, and bearing between them a green-covered litter. Such a procession will strike the stranger as one which was an everyday scene back in the Middle Ages, and indeed it was, for they are a company of the Misericordia Brothers, the fraternity of pity of Leghorn, who, without payment or reward, veil themselves and transport the sick poor to and from the hospital. This fraternity numbers many of the most prominent residents, who take it in turn to attend



THE MARZOCCO TOWER

upon the poor. If an accident occurs a great bell is rung, and those on duty that week rush at once to headquarters, veil themselves, and start with their litter on their errand of mercy, to assist the injured, either by day or night, in shadow or in the sun-glare of the burning noon.

There is a charm about those quaint old streets, which are, perhaps, not without their odour of garlic when Leghorn takes her evening meal; a charm about the lazy, laughter-loving Livornesi as

sea. Such is the life at the Brighton of Italy. There are hotels, colossal places where charges are high, but the English family who wants a change from the eternal round of British watering-places would do well to rent a flat for the season. Flats at Leghorn are not as we know them in London, poky little places with rooms of box-like capacity, but great handsome suites in high, ponderous palaces, where the ceilings are gilded and the walls covered with wonderful frescoes. Prices for these flats vary



LEGHORN—THE OPEN-AIR CAFÉS

they stroll in the Piazza after sunset to listen to the music of the military band; a charm about their dress, their manners, their softness of speech, and their politeness to the foreigner, that the wandering Englishman cannot fail to appreciate. All is so different from the life we know in England. One rises with the dawn, swallows a cup of black coffee at six, breakfasts at noon, sleeps from two till four, bathes in the sea at five, dines at seven, and spends the remainder of the evening at the opera or at one or other of the open-air café-concerts beside the

from five to fifty pounds a month. Servants are absurdly cheap; living is excellent and much more moderate than in England, good wine only costing eightpence for a flask containing two bottles, and life is everywhere bright and happy. Indeed, to those of my countrymen who contemplate making a stay in this, one of the most beautiful watering-places in the world, I feel confident that my friend Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, the ever-courteous British Consul there, would furnish information, for up or down the Mediterranean there is no



MONTENERO, THE PILGRIMAGE VILLAGE

more popular representative of Her Britannic Majesty.

I have dubbed Leghorn "the Lazy," and have here given, by the courtesy of Signor Marzocchi, a few photographs

of the place. There is a sweet, restful laziness everywhere. It is essentially a place where one must drink vermouth and potter. To hurry would be thought a barbarism in Leghorn, for with a



THE OLD FORTRESS, LEGHORN

dwindling commerce and neglected industries it is fortunately coming forward as an essentially holiday resort. Each year the number of people who spend the summer along that pretty coast where the distant islands loom purple in the sunset blaze rapidly increase, and "the season" is merrier each summer than it was in the summer preceding. One eats well at small cost and enjoys oneself in a manner impossible in our own land. There is a charm of spontaneous gaiety and utter irresponsibility among the persons one meets, and the contrast between Italian life and that in England is so violent that for a few months it cannot fail to prove interesting and healthful to the Briton. After the heat and burden of the sun-glare a drive in the balmy air of evening, to the seaside village of Antignano, or to the pilgrimage village of Montenero, is a most delightful experience, and one can dine there frugally on a terrace before the sea, and afterwards return home by electric tram, journeying at the ruinous cost of threepence. This sea road to Antignano is lit by electricity the whole way, and the

panorama of sea and mountain is one of the most picturesque in the whole of Tuscany.

As for myself, after years of wandering in Europe, I have made Leghorn my home. I can only say that after the busy turmoil of London and the whirl of Paris, it is delightful; hence I recommend it to readers as a new place of summer resort, having personally tested its advantages, which in my estimation equal those of any other watering-place in Europe. If there are any who want an entirely fresh experience as to diet, mode of life, and amusement, let them take the nightly Rome express from Paris, from which, after dining and sleeping they can alight at Pisa, and a further journey of only ten miles will bring them to Leghorn the Lazy. Only let them not fail to ask for Livorno, as no Italian knows it as Leghorn. Indeed, the other day in Genoa I entered the telegraph office, and thoughtlessly addressed a telegram to "Leghorn," whereupon the clerk, after consulting a geographical dictionary, politely informed me that no such place existed in the world!



Truth in Fiction

WRITTEN BY MARIE A. BEATTY-KINGSTON. ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT



AND so you are a journalist," said Captain John Denvers, looking intently upon the pale, delicate features of the girl whom he had taken in to dinner at Mrs. Dewbury's farewell party, given in his honour. "Do you know, I *do* admire a woman who works for her living; there is something grand, something ennobling about her."

"Sometimes necessity makes us work when we should otherwise be lazy," answered Silvia Clarke, with a wistful smile, "and writing is not always such a spontaneous operation as people imagine it to be. To-night, for instance, when I get home, I shall have to burn the midnight oil for many hours ere I may close my eyes."

John Denvers was looking incredulous, so the girl nodded her head, with a look of conviction on her features. "Yes," she continued, "I ought not to have come here to-night, as I have a whole story to write; but dear Mrs. Dewbury insisted, and would take no refusal, so I put my work aside to please her. I shall have to make up for lost time, since the printers will be waiting for copy to-morrow, that's all. Oh, I don't mind a bit, *really*," for Denvers muttered something about a "beastly shame"; "and I believe I've got part of my plot already, and then putting the story together is only half the battle."

"Brave little woman," said Silvia's companion, admiringly. "How long have you been doing this sort of work?"

"Since I lost my parents three years ago," she answered gravely, and there was a touch of pathos in her voice, "and although it was very hard at first to get accustomed to continued disappointments, I tried to be patient and not to lose heart. I am quite successful and

contented *now*"—she feared her foregoing words had implied a complaint, and was eager to dispel that impression—"so please don't pity me, for I have been very lucky on the whole."

"*Lucky*," repeated Denvers, with a curl of the lip, while it struck him that Fate had been monstrosly unkind to this lonely, beautiful girl. Lucky to have to fight her way in the world without a protecting arm to guard her from its bruising cares and vehement ills. *Lucky*, notwithstanding the daily struggle to keep body and soul together. *Lucky*; she had said it with a cheerful, hopeful smile, in spite of the heartache she must undoubtedly experience at times when literary adventurers and dishonest editors failed to keep their faith with her. He glanced with gentle pity at the delicate ungloved hand at his side, and longed to take it and press it tightly in his own.

"It's devilish hard on the little girl," he mused, "and she's awfully pretty, too. Why didn't I meet her before this? Just as I am leaving for India, and the next two years are mapped out for me, I meet a girl, charming, accomplished, interesting—yes, by Jove! extremely interesting—in fact, a woman after my own heart and taste. She fascinates me from the moment I set eyes on her, and I feel irresistibly drawn towards her. She is just the very girl I could have loved, although two hours ago I wasn't even aware of her existence. What a cursed awkward beggar Fate is, to be sure, she's always upsetting somebody's apple-cart." And, at that moment, there was a stir, the ladies were retiring from the dinner table, and Silvia vanished from John Denvers' side, not without a smile, however, from her adorable, upturned face, which sent a rush of blood to his heart, and made him wish, more than ever, that he might have postponed his

journey to India—indefinitely. Meanwhile, Mrs. Dewbury had marched Silvia into the conservatory, and was chaffing her about her evident conquest of Captain Denvers.

"Isn't he nice?" Mrs. Dewbury was asking. "What a pity it is that he is obliged to leave us so soon."

"When does he go?" enquired Silvia, absently. Nothing mattered much to her in her dull, loveless world, and this man's coming and going were surely synonymous, considering she, too, had never heard of his existence until the day before, when Mrs. Dewbury's hurried little note had asked her to "come and amuse a really charming soldier, who was just off to India." The invitation had roused her in the midst of her work, and she had rushed to her scanty wardrobe to see whether or not her clothes would permit of her accepting. A black silk skirt, somewhat the worse for wear, and a pale pink chiffon blouse came to the rescue, and after some local attention to these with the aid of a hot flat-iron, Silvia had thought fit to abandon her dreary work for a few hours' pleasant recreation at Mrs. Dewbury's. Of course, she would have to work into the small hours to make up for lost time. But that mattered little; the evening was sure to be a pleasant one, Mrs. Dewbury's parties generally were.

"He leaves to-morrow night," said Mrs. Dewbury, regretfully, "and we shall miss him more than I can tell, for he is always the life and soul of our gatherings. You seemed to get on famously together, Silvia, as he never turned his eyes from your direction during dinner, and it's your own fault," she added significantly, "if you didn't meet him ere this. On both the previous occasions of his dining here you were asked to join us, but you wrote each time that you couldn't leave your work. I wish, child, that you were not so horribly conscientious," Mrs. Dewbury continued, pinching Silvia's peach-like cheek; "you are too young to give up all the pleasures of life for that monotonous writing, writing, writing."

"But I have no pleasures in life that I prefer to my work," said Silvia, warming to her subject, "excepting, of

course, visiting a few old friends like yourselves—and, besides, dear Mrs. Dewbury, I have my living to earn; no one can do that but myself, and so I ought to be grateful for small mercies, and take what the gods give me and be content."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Dewbury, emphatically, "you ought to marry. I call it perfectly disgraceful that a pretty, accomplished girl like you should not have been snapped up long ere this. How old are you? Twenty-two. Well, I call it *disgraceful*; I don't know what the men are about."

Silvia laughed in a pretty, amused way, and took her hostess's hands between her own. "You dear, kind, sweet enthusiast, I don't want to marry; I am quite content," she said. "I feel sure I'm destined to be an old maid."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I have never seen anybody I could like sufficiently to care for always."

"That's nonsense, my child; wait till Mr. Right comes. Good gracious! John, how you startled me," for Captain Denvers had walked up to the ladies so quietly that they had not heard him, and he stood looking at them without speaking.

"Aren't you going to smoke?" Mrs. Dewbury enquired, rather ruffled at having been taken unawares.

"Of course I am," he answered, complacently, after a pause; "and that's why I thought I would ask Miss Clarke to come for a stroll in the garden and keep me company. Will you?" he added, stooping over the girl until his cheek almost touched hers; "it's such a lovely night, and, if you put on a wrap, you can't possibly take cold."

"By all means, go," said Mrs. Dewbury, with alacrity, as she rose and answered for Silvia, who was hesitating. "Take her for a turn, John, but don't let her take cold."

Silvia rose in a half shy, half fearful way, and silently took the arm that was proffered her.

Since the year in which she had been robbed of both her parents, and had existed under the immediate guardianship of a deaf old maiden aunt, Silvia Clarke's life had been one long stage of



"'THAT'S NONSENSE; WAIT TILL MR. RIGHT COMES'"

inanimate indifference. She had tried with passionate vehemence to bury her grief in her work, and had so far succeeded, inasmuch as her life had become a calm, uneventful one, neither joyful nor sorrowful, but just impassive.

Her daily occupations did not permit of her overstepping the confining poverty and narrowness of her surroundings, and so she just plodded on, trying to cheer the old lady with whom she lived

from her state of muteness and lethargy, and working with might and main to keep her tiny household from actual want.

But to-night it seemed as though, for the first time, she was living again purely for the sake of living. The warm night air out in the garden fanned her cheeks, the sweet scent of the flowers instilled her with a new thankfulness, and her senses seemed to have become pos-

sessed of an unknown, unexpected joy. And yet there was nothing strange, nothing unusual in a man, whose dining companion she had been, asking her to stroll with him round the grounds of a friend's house while he smoked a cigar.

They were seated below a verandah, the roofing of which was festooned by trailing vines which hung down almost to their feet. Silvia sat against a background of huge vine leaves, and the shadows between her and a brilliant moon cast great patterns over her delicate form. Her head was uplifted, and the dark, luminous eyes, mysterious, intent, and searching, impressed John Denvers with marvellous possibilities. He watched her carefully through the drifting smoke of his Havana, and again wondered why, in the name of Fortune, he had never met her before. Silvia's mood alternated between enthusiasm on one point and seriousness on the other, as she chatted on from subject to subject, generally dealing with her work, her hopes, her aspirations—but with all that charm of gentle docility which a man so indisputably likes. Her simple frankness and naturalness was fast adding new forces to her power of thrilling and fascinating him. Presently Denvers laid his arm on the back of the seat, and, looking at the girl intently, he said, "Do you believe in love at first sight, Miss Clarke?"

Silvia was not in the least taken aback at the strange abruptness of the question from a comparative stranger, and mused for a while, collecting her thoughts.

"Curiously enough," she answered, presently, "I myself was wondering whether such a thing really exists, when you asked the question." She turned her well-poised head with its wealth of brown hair towards him, and looked him full in the face. It was Captain Denvers' turn to be surprised; and yet that there was not one iota of *arrière pensée* in the girl's mind was obvious by her perfectly natural way of expressing herself. "I will tell you why I wondered," she continued. "I have a story to write to-night, and am rather fluctuating between two plots. The one embodies the idea that a girl loves the man who is engaged to her sister, and that he, although he, too, has ceased to care for his fiancée, is

too much of a moral coward to confess to both girls; and the other—well, the story of a wonderful reciprocity of love at first sight. Now which suggestion do you prefer? I don't believe I could make a hero out of a coward. A man must be noble, honourable, straight, reliable—in fact, everything that is upholding good, and worthy of reverence in a woman's eyes." . . . These confidences were spoken in a low voice, broken by swift catching of the breath, with her hands characteristically clasped across her bosom—it was a way of her's in moments of intentness—and an eagerness of purpose which was augmented by the subject of their discussion.

"I like the suggestion of love at first sight best," said John, letting his eyes feast longingly upon the lovely, idealistic face, "and I do honestly believe that it exists. Come, will you let me help you with your story? Let us put our heads together, metaphorically speaking, and see what we can concoct."

"Will you really?" The girl flushed, and her eyes shone mysteriously. "You are very kind, considering we have only just met."

"Don't say that, Miss Clarke. I feel as if I had known you a life-time. The moments have been weeks, the hours years. You interest me. Your work, your life, your pluck, everything about you appeals to me tremendously, and makes me wish—you'll think me mad for talking like this—that I were not going away, or that, at least, I were not leaving to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed Silvia, vaguely.

"I, too, wish that you could stay."

"Do you?" cried John, clasping her trembling hand in his, but *only* for a moment, for the girl withdrew it and turned away. "Ah, forgive me, I have offended you. I have no right to speak like this, and you have every reason to be vexed."

The tender face, with uplifted brow, was full of forgiveness as she turned to him again. The deep shadows of the rustling vine leaves played over them, and the moonlight filtered gently through the tendrils of her dark warm hair, as she held out her hand in gentle remission.

"There is nothing to forgive," she

said, almost in a whisper, "and I'm sorry you are going away." She spoke her words with great simplicity, while John Denvers pressed her fingers to his lips and then released them.

Then Silvia started up from her reverie and came back with a rebound to the matter-of-fact realities of the situation. "It is getting late," she said, almost regretfully, looking down upon John. He was very handsome. The magnificently bronzed face with a slight curving moustache of brown hue, which softened without hiding the fine mouth beneath, and the strong, dark glance, which embodied a look of splendid resolve, took her fancy.

"I like him, but he is going away," is what she thought. "But still, I shall remember that he kissed my hand, and told me he wished we had met before. No matter what happens, nothing can rob us of this perfect night, these few happy moments spent in absolute harmony and sympathy together."

"Don't go yet," he pleaded, anxiously, "there is still our story to finish," he added, "and you know we agreed to compose it together."

"It is not yet begun," the girl answered with a tender smile, "but I think now that I know how it will end." Then a new firmness of manner

took possession of her, and she said with decision, "Will you take me back to the house, Captain Denvers? I must go. Remember, I have a long task before me, and—it is getting late."

Reluctantly John Denvers wrapped the shawl tighter round the girl's shoulders, letting his arms rest for one brief minute close to her white, bare throat, and then slowly they walked towards the house.

"One thing you must promise me,"



"'IT IS GETTING LATE,' SHE SAID"

said John, as they approached the illuminated hall, "that you will send me the magazine containing your story. Will you?"

"If you really wish it, I will," said Silvia; "but you will have forgotten that I ever wrote it long before it reaches you."

"Ah, don't say that," said John, turning with a fierce supplication in his eyes, "you *know* that I shall never forget you—or our story."

It was pleasant to hear him say "our story." To Silvia it seemed as though, at least, one undeniable fact formed a tiny bond between them.

"Where shall I send it to?" she asked, presently; and then John wrote on a card, "The Orient Club, Calcutta."

Once they had entered the house there was no further reason for delay, and Silvia, having informed Mrs. Dewbury that her aunt was sitting up for her, and that she was obliged to hurry away, threw her cloak over her shoulders, enveloped her flaming cheeks in a lace mantilla, and hurried downstairs.

In the hall John Denver stood waiting to say good night and—good-bye.

She placed her hand in his, and let her eyes rest on his face. It was to be a long good-bye—a good-bye like the story, that had hardly had a beginning, and yet the hands were terribly firmly clasped, and the two faces bore an intense look of tender longing, which betokened the emotion of a great and sudden passion. It was the result of love, pure and unadulterated—love at first sight!

Denver clenched his lips tightly together, and Silvia agitatedly drew her cloak closely to her. The cab stood at the door, and Silvia tore herself away.

"You'll not forget," he called to her, straining to catch a last glimpse of her face, and she answered back, with trembling lips, "No, you shall read our story. Good-bye."

That night, in her lonely little room, Silvia Clarke wrote the story of her first and only love. It was the simplest little plot imaginable. Her heroine was called Sophia, and her hero James. It was the old old story of love at first sight, while the lovers had to part and pass their

lives in vain regret and longing for that which could not be.

But Silvia broke her word to Captain Denver. When, after some weeks, the *Fenwick Magazine* appeared containing her story, and she read it through for the first time in print, she was horrified at its realism, and almost regretted having written it.

"What would he think, after the lapse of time, were I to send it to him now. It would be impossible. I *can't*. That night he may have fancied that he liked me, but now he has probably forgotten my name. We must let our little story die its natural death; that memory is just a passing gleam of sunshine in my gloomy life."

But John Denver had not forgotten Silvia's name, or even the slightest detail about her personality. He had stolen a photograph of Silvia from Mrs. Dewbury's drawing-room mantel-piece with a *sang-froid* that defied competition, and he had pored over it every day since he had met and left her, until her face had become engraven on the tablet of his mind. He remembered everything; that mole on her left cheek, the pink, shell-like ears; that wayward black lock of hair which would curl insinuatingly round the nape of her neck; the tiny foot, the dainty ankle, her sweet perfect figure, her general delicacy and refinement of manner, and above all—what charmed him most—her incomparable naturalness in saying things which, coming from the lips of any other woman, would sound inharmonious, impossible. "Oh, Silvia, what a havoc you have wrought in this poor mortal's brain," he said often to himself, and "Child, I am coming back to fetch you, never fear; there is only one woman in God's world for me, and she is Silvia Clarke!"

John Denver had written to Mrs. Dewbury after his return to India, begging her to keep him *au courant* as to all home news, at the same time asking her to look out for the *Fenwick Magazine* containing Silvia's story. He feared that she, woman-like, might feel reluctant to send it at the last moment, so in order to be on the safe side he begged Mrs. Dewbury to forward it to him, at the same time asking her not to let Silvia

know of his request. He somehow felt that a great deal depended on that little story, and he awaited its arrival with feverish impatience.

The *Fenwick Magazine* was brought to John Denvers one mail day just as he was sitting down to tiffin in his bungalow at Calcutta.

The simple unaffected style of the girl's narrative, told tenderly and romantically, went straight to his heart. The blood rushed to his brain as he realised how she had taken her plot word for word from their own slender romance, how she had even named her hero and heroine after their own initials, and how the thread of the story faithfully followed its lead up to the time of John Denvers' departure from India.

John was crazy with joy when he had read the story. "She meant it for me, and has loved me ever since I left her." He cried gladly, "Oh! my sweet, brave darling, you were not ashamed to take the theme of our story; but why didn't you send it to me as you promised to do?" And then a sudden fear beset him. "Perhaps, since the writing of that story, she has fallen in love with some one else. Great heavens! how am I to know—to find out the truth? I can't remain in suspense for weeks; I must know at once." . . . Off he rushed to the telegraph office, and wrote out a cable addressed to "Clarke, care of Dewbury, London." The message was laconic, but to the point. "Have just read story. Did you mean me, Silvia? If so, will you come out and marry me at once? Wire.—John."

Silvia was at her writing table thinking out some new plots, when, several hours afterwards, Mrs. Dewbury rushed into the room and thrust the telegram into her hand.

"There! What do you say to that?" cried Mrs. Dewbury triumphantly, and in high glee.

Silvia, flushing to the roots of her hair, hid her face in the motherly breast of her friend, and shed thankful, happy tears. "I can't believe it after only one meeting," she said between her ecstatic sobs; "does he really mean it?"

"Well, what do you suppose," answered Mrs. Dewbury, "you simpleton;



"OFF HE RUSHED TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE"

do you think he would have cabled if he hadn't been serious? But don't lose a moment in answering, because you may be sure he is in a pretty fume of excitement."

"What shall I say?" said Silvia, sitting bolt upright and looking perplexed.

"Why simply say, 'Yes, I'm coming. Love.—Silvia,'" said Mrs. Dewbury in a matter-of-fact tone. "And now put that blessed writing away. It has served its purpose, anyway, but now you won't need to do another stroke, and if I were you I should turn my attention to my wardrobe."

And so the writing was put aside for a new life, a new world, a new kingdom, of which John Denvers was to be the supreme ruler, and Silvia Clarke, happy, radiant, and almost intoxicated with her new-found joy, prepared to go and join her future husband at Calcutta,

The Case for the Defence

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO THROW LIGHT UPON THE QUESTION OF THE PHYSICAL CAPACITIES OF WOMEN

WRITTEN BY A. DE BURGH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

"A woman, a woman, there is no one who knows what a woman can do."—*Ibsen*.

THE nineteenth century has shown such progress in science, knowledge, and the practical appliance of the same to everyday life, that it stands far ahead of any other past century, and the strides made in every grade of society towards a higher standard are immense. Not of the least importance is the fact that at last that antiquated idea of superiority of men over women has been utterly refuted and destroyed as far as reasonable, logical, observing, and unbiased beings are concerned. It is impossible for men to-day to ignore the actual state of things, and if we find here and there men who are reluctant to admit stern facts, it can only be due to a childish and ignoble desire to suppress the truth with the obvious aim of keeping woman still their toy and slave.

Are we not all compelled to acknowledge that even in days when womankind was hardly considered fit to be allowed the most common educational advantages, there came forward from time to time women who must always stand as shining examples of all that was great minded, heroic, and beautiful in the truest sense of the word. We cannot peruse the history of any country without finding the pages filled with glorious deeds performed by women! Their genius could never be entirely suppressed however cruel and almost fiendish the means were employed to accomplish such an illogical and senseless task. Whatever the sphere we look into, there we find instances of their greatness, and the evidence of their equality with men is written clearly on the pages of history for those who have eyes to see.

And now, when at last we see equal facilities offered for the mental develop-

ment of both sexes, can any doubt be entertained, even in the heart of the most biased and narrow-minded individual, as to whether there rests any superiority or inferiority on a sexual basis.*

It is not our object to write a panegyric of womankind. Everyone is familiar with names of world-wide renown in every branch of science and art belonging to women, names which are ornaments of infinite value to the present century.

The question whether the *mental* capacities of womankind are lower than those of men has been decided negatively by such an overwhelming number of instances that we intend to touch it in future but slightly.

The purpose of our article is to disprove certain accepted assertions, viz. : that the physical condition of women, and those mental qualities chiefly associated with it, are so deficient as to make rare those admirable qualities of endurance, staunchness, and fearlessness which are especially considered attributes of the male sex.

To go back for a few instances into ancient history after referring briefly to the thousands of examples of undeniable heroism of the early Christian women, who so frequently encouraged wavering men, we select as two of many that of Læna, who in order not to disclose certain secrets under torture bit out her own tongue, and to whose heroic memory the statue of a tongueless lioness was erected at Athens, and

* Since the establishments of Girton and Newnham were opened for women students the former had 600 on their books, and out of this number 344 have obtained honours according to the Cambridge University standard. How does this compare with colleges for men?

Artemisia was consulted by the leaders of war, and her galley was the last to fly in at least one celebrated sea-fight.

The Latin language possessed the words *Equitissæ* and *Militissæ* (from *Equites* and *Milites*) which applied to women, recognising thereby that both sexes equally deserve the attributes of strength and swiftness. However, we see in history, that women among the Romans were thought worthy of enjoying public marks of respect for their bravery and endurance, being given special privileges and favours, and to particularise (owing to the great honour in which was held the mother of Marcus Coriolanus) the liberty of wearing the *segmenta aurea*, or borders of gold and purple on their garments, was permitted to the Roman matrons.

It is perhaps little known that there actually existed in the twelfth century an order of knighthood, a military order of women — “the feminine cavaliers” of the “Torch of Tortosa.”

We will give a short history of the feminine valour which led to the institution of this noble order (resembling that of the Amazons of old, whose fame in arms is so generally known), and how some of that sex, having acquired honour and renown by their personal courage and valiant exploits, have had bestowed on them the privilege of living after the manner and in the esteem of knights.

Don Raymond, last Count of Barcelona, having in the year 1149 gained the

city of Tortosa from the Moors, they on the 31st of December following laid a new siege to that place, for the recovery of it. The inhabitants being at length reduced to great straits desired relief from the Count; he, however, being not in a position to give them any, they entertained some thoughts of surrendering. But the women hearing of it went out in men's clothes, and by a resolute and brave sally forced the Moors to raise the siege.

The Count, in consideration of the gallantry of this action, felt impelled to make a fit acknowledgment thereof by granting several privileges and immunities; and to perpetuate the memory of so signal an action, instituted an order somewhat like a military order, into which were admitted those brave women and their descendants. The order was called the Torch of Tortosa. He also ordained that at all public meetings the women should have precedence of the men, and gave them various other privileges.

These women, having thus acquired this honour by their personal valour, carried themselves after the manner of military knights.*

That education and custom of the present day still prevent women from developing fully their physical strength

* In the middle ages numberless women of spirit followed their husbands and lovers to the wars, in the guise of pages and squires, and also took part in the Crusades, thus figuring largely in the romantic pages of mediæval history.



THE EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES

and power is true ; however, that they are capable of the same amount of endurance is undeniable.

The more modern instances of cases in which women served successfully in the army are by no means isolated, and some of these female soldiers have greatly distinguished themselves. As far back as 1745 we read of Hannah Snell, who, when deserted by her husband, joined an English regiment ; and her biographer tells us that when, on account of some jealousy of the sergeant, she was tied to the Castle gate at Carlisle, and received (according to the brutal custom of those days) five hundred lashes, being beaten pretty nearly to death, she never uttered a cry. Later she joined the Marines, and went on foreign service. She is reported to have maintained her wonted intrepidity, and to have behaved as a hero. She received six shots in her right and five in her left leg before she abandoned her place in the front. These are only few of the many instances of her heroism and the strength with which she bore the great hardships of the warfare of that time.

The sisters Fering entered Dumouriez' army as privates in an Hussar regiment at the breaking out of the French Revolution. They shared in many of the French victories of the period. Their bravery in the field soon obtained them commissions. The younger was killed at the battle of Valmy (1792). One of them received a sword of

honour for her gallant conduct before the enemy. The surviving young lady married afterwards General Count de Guilleminot, who had served with great distinction under Napoleon I. It was this general's division that began the battle of Waterloo by the attack on our Guards at Hougoumont.

In Hart's "Annual Army List" for 1865 the name of James Barry, M.D., stands at the head of the list of Inspectors-General of Hospitals. In the same year (in July) the *Times* announced the death of Dr. Barry, and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the doctor was a woman. It is remarkable that neither the landlady of her lodgings nor her black servant, who had been with her for years, had any suspicion of her sex. Dr. James Barry acted in her youth for some time as staff-surgeon at the Cape. Lord Charles Somerset, the then Governor (1819), described her as a most skilful physician, but somewhat eccentric.

She appeared then like a beardless lad of an unmistakably Scotch type of face, red hair, and high cheekbones. Her professional career extended over more than half a century. While at the Cape she fought a duel ; she was of a very quarrelsome disposition, and frequently guilty of breaches of discipline, but her offences were always condoned at head-quarters.*



THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON

* Earl of Albemarle's Memoirs.

Let these instances suffice on this point.

The young ex-Queen of Naples, when her husband's realm was attacked by Garibaldi's army, personally conducted the defence of the fortress of Gaeta, and was ever in front encouraging the soldiers and setting them a fine example of endurance and courage.

In mentioning the name of Grace Darling, we can surely recall deeds not surpassed by any man.

Is it not only a few years ago that we were called upon to admire the intrepidity and heroism of Mrs. Grimwood, after the traitorous murder of her husband in Manipur? *

What epics might we compose on the subject of the unselfish devotion to duty, of the unflinching courage, of nursing sisters and hospital nurses, be it whether when sacrificing themselves to the arduous and often dangerous service at the sick-bed, in the field of battle, or amongst the victims of an epidemic?

And how many are the occasions on which we have seen the highest ladies in the land visit the hospitals filled with those struck down by the most contagious diseases, like cholera, &c., in order to bring sympathy and comfort to the sufferers, never considering their own exposure to danger? †

Towards the end of the last century what a grand picture of dignity and calm endurance of atrocious injury is afforded us by the sight of an innocent Queen ascending the guillotine on the Place de la Concorde in Paris? What pluck and enthusiastic patriotism is displayed by young Charlotte Corday when she freed the earth of a monster in human form, willingly sacrificing her own life to this noble purpose!

Coming to the present time, we cannot do better than refer to the "Women's Roll of Honour," compiled and edited as a Jubilee exhibit by Mr. F. Donald MacKenzie, containing the names of no

* It was thought that she should receive the Victoria Cross.

† The Queen of Italy visited the cholera hospitals in Naples almost daily during the severe outbreak of the epidemic a few years ago; and the Empress of Austria did the same in Hungary. These are only a few of many authenticated instances.

fewer than 518 heroines of Great Britain of the Victorian era.

What may be the sum of heroines outside our own country is not in our power to even guess. We can only bring before our readers a very few brilliant instances. In looking back to one of the great dramas of the century—the execution of the Emperor Max of Mexico—we find the cruelly-deceived Prince at last forsaken by all except a woman—the Princess Felix of Salm-Salm,* who, to the very end, tried to effect his escape, which she would have successfully carried out on the eve of his death, risking her own life, had the Imperial prisoner not refused to avail himself of the opportunity offered, feeling that he could not forsake his two trusted Marshals, who awaited their execution with him, it being impossible to effect their escape also. Therefore the rising sun shone on the riddled bodies of the Emperor, Medjea, and Miramon.

What words could tell adequately the noble action of the late Duchesse d'Alençon, who perished in the terrible bazaar fire in Paris, refusing to attempt her own escape as long as her young friends remained in danger!

One of the most remarkable acts of gallantry ever performed was that of the Archduchess Marie Theresa, sister-in-law of the Austrian Emperor and step-mother to the heir to the throne. A fire broke out in a village close to her country residence, and she instantly insisted upon being driven to the scene of the conflagration. There she learned that in one of the burning houses a little child was imprisoned. Leaving her brougham, before anybody had time to prevent her, she dashed up the burning staircase, returning some few minutes later with the child practically unhurt in her arms. The brave Princess's hair was scorched and burnt and her hands were terribly injured, but she refused to receive medical aid until the doctor had thoroughly satisfied her that the little one was unhurt. The Central Association of Fire Brigades elected the Archduchess honorary captain.

The wife of Prince Waldemar of

* Prince Felix of Salm-Salm acted as Equerry to the Emperor.

Denmark also showed a short time ago extraordinary courage at a great fire in Copenhagen. She borrowed a fireman's helmet and tunic, and took a most prominent position in the rank of those who devoted themselves to the saving of life, always being in the most dangerous situation, and displaying a coolness and intrepidity which won the admiration of all who saw her.

We cannot but think that we have said enough to silence those who deny that heroism is an attribute belonging equally to both sexes. And we also maintain that we have refuted completely all those absurd assertions as to the physical deficiency of the gentler sex which are brought forward as arguments against the entire equality of the sexes. We entertain no doubt at all that, given opportunities and training absolutely equal, women would soon rival men in their physical powers when in normal health.

Let us look at some of the devotees of sport of our day. On the cycle women have shown themselves in every respect equal to their so-called stronger brethren. On horseback the instances of great feats carried out by lady riders are of world-wide renown. In shooting* and fishing† they outdo average men wherever they take up the sport. As sailors we see yachtswomen in the front rank; The late Lady Brassey could manage her yacht, the "Sunbeam," as a master, and only a few months ago did Lady Ernestine Brudenell-Bruce, eldest daughter of the present Marquis of Aylesbury, apply to the Board of Trade

* The Prince of Wales, Lord Walsingham, and Lord de Grey are often described as our best small game shots. It is questionable whether they will not before long have a formidable rival as far as rabbits, hares, and rocketing pheasants are concerned, in the person of one of the most graceful ladies of the land—the Duchess of Bedford. She shoots, not only with nerve and precision, but also with great care, &c.—*Daily Press*.

† The Duchess of Fife is one of the most successful fly-fishers in Scotland.



PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK

From Photo by E. HOHLENBERG

at Liverpool for leave to undergo the customary examination for a yacht-master's certificate, so that she might hold the proper qualification to command her own yacht. Has not the late Czar of Russia appointed the Queen of Greece an honorary admiral of his fleet in recognition of her knowledge of seamanship? In short, women succeed and come to the front in all they undertake, whether of work or play, and this in spite of the many impediments placed in their way.*

Regarding the steady march of the Women's Rights movement, we find that it started in the United States, where, in 1871, Mrs. Woodhull fought a battle for her sex. She "stood" for the Presidency, and received enough votes

* Lady Samuel Baker's adventures on the Nile are well known, and Miss Kingsley has just returned from a most dangerous and hazardous journey in Africa.

to show that there was a formidable and earnest movement in favour of equal rights. What enormous changes are visible to-day in comparing those times with the present! The Universities have been thrown open almost universally to men and women equally, and amongst the best known physicians there are many women.* We cannot pass by a widely known and successful woman-pastor in America, the Rev. Caroline Bartlett-Crane of the People's Church of Kalamazoo, Michigan. As a representative Western woman, and as the embodiment of all womanly virtues, Mrs. Bartlett-Crane holds a warm place in the hearts of the people. When quite young she entered the field of journalism, and claims to have gained her theological training in newspaper work. She studied a short year theology under her pastor in Minneapolis, and was immediately called to the pastorate of a church in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, from whence she removed to her present charge, where she has achieved unprecedented success.

From China we are informed that Li-Hung-Chang has appointed a native woman as his chief physician, namely Miss Hu-King-Eng, M.D., who has graduated from an American medical

* It is an interesting fact that the Queen of Portugal has studied medicine and taken the degree of M.D.

college (The Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia), where she captured several prizes. She is highly esteemed in her own country, even by those so much opposed to women's emancipation. She will be the only delegate from China to the Women's Medical Congress to be held in London next June.

In speaking of the near and far East, we may mention that a very wrong impression exists as to the rights and

privileges of the fair sex in those distant parts. It may perhaps astonish our readers when we state that the rights of women are in some respects and localities more fully acknowledged there than in the Western countries, which boast so much of their high state of civilisation, but nevertheless retain laws in their statute books which are illogical, unjust, and markedly one-sided. The Turkish woman, for instance, is competent to manage her



MRS. WOODHULL MARTIN

From Photo by ELLIOTT & FRY

property, and dispose of one-third of her fortune as soon as she is married (at the age of nine she is considered marriageable). The law allows her to abandon her husband's house for just cause, and will protect her in so doing.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, in "Picturesque Burmah, Past and Present," writes:—"Women in Burmah are probably freer and happier than they are anywhere else in the world. Women have there achieved for themselves, and have been



THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

From Photo by REUTLINGER

permitted by the men to attain, a freedom of life and action that has no parallel among Oriental people. The secret lies, perhaps, in the fact that the Burmese woman is active and industrious, while the Burmese man is indolent, and often a recluse. Becoming therefore, both by taste and habit, the money-earner, the bargainer, and the financier of the household, she has asserted and obtained for herself the right to hold what she wins, and the respect due to one who can and does direct and control. Things are strangely reversed in Burmah, for here we see the man as the religious soul of the nation and woman its brain. Burmese women are born traders, and it is more often the wife than the husband who drives the bargain with the English buyer for the paddy harvest, or, at any rate, she is present on the occasion and helps her easy-going husband to stand firm. So

highly is trading esteemed that a daughter of well-to-do parents, and even a young married woman, will set up a booth in the bazaar, &c., and will push a brisk trade all through the short and sunny day. The earnings thus made are the woman's own, and cannot be touched by her husband. English officials told me that contracts for army forage and for timber were often made with women traders, and that they well understood the art of 'holding up the market.'"

But to return to our own islands and to the continent of Europe, and to turn over the pages of modern history, again we are confronted by facts proving the strong capacities of women to fill every position, be it the most exalted, the most difficult, the most exposed to danger. Is the long and glorious reign of our beloved Sovereign not a proof of our statement? Has the Queen-Regent of

Spain not maintained a most arduous position by her great and wonderful tact and her high spirit? Has there ever been one accusation launched against the Queen-Mother of Holland? Does history contain more illustrious names than that of Queen Elizabeth, or nobler than that of the Empress Maria Theresa?

The power of women as helpers, counsellors, and advisers has again and again been demonstrated.

Napoleon I. was obliged to confess himself afraid of a woman, the daughter of one of his ministers, M. Necker, Madame de Staël. Her power of speech, her spirit, her wit, her intrepid candour compelled the world's conqueror to take measures both drastic and base to free himself from her.

But to compile a catalogue of instances of various kinds to show that there is no difference in the clay of which both men and women are composed, would take unlimited time and patience, and surely no more is needed to show that any assertion to the contrary comes from the mouth of those who, although calling themselves observers, are entirely carried away by inherited bias, and allow the wish to be father to the conviction. There is not one profession in which women have not at least reached the standard of men, and this in spite of the odious preachings against them of fanatics, and the prejudices difficult to comprehend, which have prevailed for so long a time against the recognition of equality of the sexes.



MADAME DE STAËL

From Photo by E. Linde & Co.



VIEW LOOKING NORTH

Indianapolis: The Most Beautiful Inland City in America

WRITTEN BY CHARLES TEST DALTON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY VAN TREES,
PHOTOGRAPHER, INDIANAPOLIS,

INDIANAPOLIS, the capital of Indiana, is situated in the centre of the State, and is almost the same distance from Louisville (Kentucky), Cincinnati (Ohio), St. Louis (Missouri), and Chicago (Illinois), thus gathering transient trade from all of these cities.

The land in and about the city is very level, the streets are asphalt, wide and clean, the trees are abundant, the residences handsome, and the general appearance imposing.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' monument, dedicated to the heroes of Indiana, is the

finest structure of the kind in America; as a monument it is a work of art, and only exceeded in height by the Washington monument, while the grandeur of its appearance gives one the impression of an European city.

The State Library is artistic on account of the simple and pure style of architecture, while Christ Church, adjacent to it, rises gracefully upwards.

Meridian Street, the most fashionable residential portion of the city, is lined on both sides for several miles with handsome residences forming an agreeable picture to the eye.

THE LUDGATE

The State House, more properly called the Capitol, of Indiana is a large, magnificent structure, and the view from the canal reminds one strangely of the outline of St. Paul's. Another public building of importance is the Blind Asylum, which stands to-day as an admirable example of the Colonial

Aside from the beauty of the capital of Indiana, she has furnished her score of well-known men—William Henry Harrison, Gen. Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Oliver P. Morton, and the Hon. Benjamin Harrison.

In the early days the representatives in Congress were often placed in curious



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT

architecture so well known in Virginia and Massachusetts.

The view of part of the grounds of a country villa gives one an idea of the natural rugged scenery, perhaps not so soft and graceful as the English cultivation of centuries, but impressive by its grandeur and wild aspect.

positions on account of the ignorance of the masses at that time. It is said that the Hon. David Wallace, afterwards Governor of Indiana, while in Congress gave his vote to an important affair of the day, and this vote lost him a seat in Congress for the second term. It was the Morse Telegraph Bill. Congress

wished to appropriate 30,000 dollars for a trial of this telegraph, and Wallace was in favour of it. When his constituents heard of the affair they were decidedly angered, for they considered that such an idea was childish, and scorned to take his view of the matter.

"What," they said, "talk to one another across a wire? You might as well hang a durn rope between two poles and then talk!"

When the result was satisfactory they changed their opinion, and the father of Lew Wallace became Governor on account of his foresightedness.

The stand of Indiana in regard to slavery is an example of conviction which will be remembered for years.

The most infamous conspiracy to steal and convey into slavery a free man of which we have ever heard was attempted in Indiana; for unprecedented audacity it is unequalled, but by perseverance it was defeated.

Pleasant E. Ellington, a slave-holder of Missouri, in the early part of June, 1853, came to Indianapolis and claimed that John Freeman, a man highly esteemed in his community, was his slave who had escaped from him when he was living in Kentucky. John Robinson, the marshal, arrested Freeman and threw him into jail. The friends of Freeman employed the firm of Barbour, Ketcham and Coburn, to defend him. Mr. Coburn went to Kentucky and met many people who knew Ellington and his runaway slave; but when Freeman was described to them they said that he was not the slave who had escaped from Ellington, and that a Methodist preacher named Adams had seen the real runaway slave somewhere in Ohio. Coburn found out that the daughter of the preacher lived near by in the mountains, and from her he learned that her father was at that time living in Jackson City, Ohio.

By stage and river—a long journey in the fifties—Coburn at last arrived at Jackson, Ohio, and met Mr. Adams, the clergyman.

He found that the real slave had escaped from Ellington and fled to Salem, Ohio, where he had lived a few years; then Ellington traced him up, and had him arrested, but the slave had

been rescued by his friends, and had escaped to Canada.

Mr. Coburn then went to Salem, and likewise met people who had known the slave there, and he saw a letter which the slave had written from Canada to his friends in Salem. Returning to Indianapolis, Coburn offered to take the opposing counsel to Canada and satisfy them that the slave of Ellington was living there and out of all danger from his master; if he failed, he offered to pay all expenses, but if he succeeded, Ellington was to pay them. The offer was refused.

Finally, a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued, and the trial began. The attendance was so large that the case was moved from the Court-house to the Hall of Representatives in the Capitol. Outside, the streets were crowded with armed men needing but small encouragement to form an infuriated mob. For three days the trial continued, and the arguments were concluded, when there occurred one of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed in a court of justice, a scene which will never be forgotten, and which made the name of slavery a curse, and strengthened the cause of Lincoln.

Probably the best record of this scene, and one which, from its rarity and obscurity, has not been used, is to be found in the old files of the *St. Lawrence Plaindealer* of 1853:—

"During the latter part of the argument, there was sitting in the Court-room Joseph P. Marshall (or Joe Marshall, as he was called) of Madison, one of the Marshall family of Kentucky, noted for their eloquence. He was not engaged in the case, but had come upon other business, and he had seemingly taken no interest in what was going on around him, but had sat with his head bowed upon a desk in front of him. This was a habit with him, and his listless, abstracted manner, when thus occupied, contrasted with his vehement eloquence when speaking, had given him the name of the 'Sleeping Lion.' He was thus sitting when Judge Majors began delivering his opinion. He said: 'How can I presume that any coloured man is free?'

"Marshall's frame began to tremble,



VIEW IN THE MERIDIAN STREET

as if stirred by some emotion. The Court paused and then slowly repeated: 'How can I, in view of the Constitution and the laws, presume that any coloured man is free?' At this Marshall's hands were seen to grasp the sides of the desk in front of him, and with his body shaking like an aspen leaf he pushed himself upward until he towered in front of the Judge, his broad Scotch-Irish face all aglow, and with his eyes flashing out indignant flame he thundered out: 'I will answer that question!'

"Then without a moment's pause, the Court being too astonished at the interruption to interfere, he launched out into a torrent of logic and eloquence. He claimed that it was a fundamental question, going back to the foundation of the Government; it was in fact the first principle upon which it was founded. It was essential to State sovereignty. He showed that under the Constitution and the laws the presumption was that every man, made in the image of his Maker, was free until the contrary was

established, and that slavery could only be established by positive proof. He contended that the writ of *habeas corpus* had not been suspended by the Fugitive Slave law, that it was an inalienable right of every citizen, white or black, bond or free. The State, he said, was not bound to give up a person to bondage until she knew whether he was a slave or not.

"In this case slavery was denied, and there was no power in the world that had a right to determine the question, but the sovereign State of Indiana to whom the man belonged.

"The words leaped from his mouth like hot shot from a cannon's muzzle, and he piled up his citations of law and precedents one after another, and closed with a tremendous appeal for the down-trodden and the oppressed, and for the rights of man.

"His voice, peculiar at all times, was more peculiar under the intensity of the passions which swayed him, and in its keen piercing treble seemed to cut into the very marrow of his listeners, and

when he turned and hurled his invectives upon the slave-hunters, and the whole system of human bondage, it seemed to scorch and burn. His eloquence was like a torrent, his logic like an avalanche, and his invective like a devastating hurricane. For an hour he spoke, his form swaying to and fro, his long hair standing out from his head as if electrified. When he stopped and sank into his seat, for a while it seemed as if no one could breathe. No such scene had ever before been witnessed. A Judge on the bench, in the act of delivering his opinion, had been interrupted by one not engaged in the case, and for an hour had been compelled by the very force of impassioned eloquence of the speaker to listen. For a moment or two all was hushed as death, then the room shook with the shouts of the people. They had found a champion of their rights. Again, and again, and again, the shouts rent the air"

But this pleading was in vain, and

Freeman was again placed in jail pending his next trial.

Mr. Coburn now travelled to Colchester, in Canada, to see the real fugitive slave, and having satisfied himself as to his identity, he returned to Kentucky, and took back to Canada with him Captain Nicholas, and one Squire Mead, who was a relative of Ellington's.

Both of these men were slave-holders, but well known, and bearing irreproachable characters, and they identified the fugitive, who in no way resembled Freeman.

One was short, bow-legged, and black, while the other was tall and light, proving conclusively that this was not a case of mistaken identity but an outrageous attempt to steal a free man and make a slave of him. Coburn and his witnesses returned to Indianapolis and issued a warrant to arrest Ellington for conspiracy and perjury, but unfortunately he made his escape to



GROUNDS OF A COUNTRY VILLA

Missouri, dying several years after this event. Freinan was released and the plot was foiled.

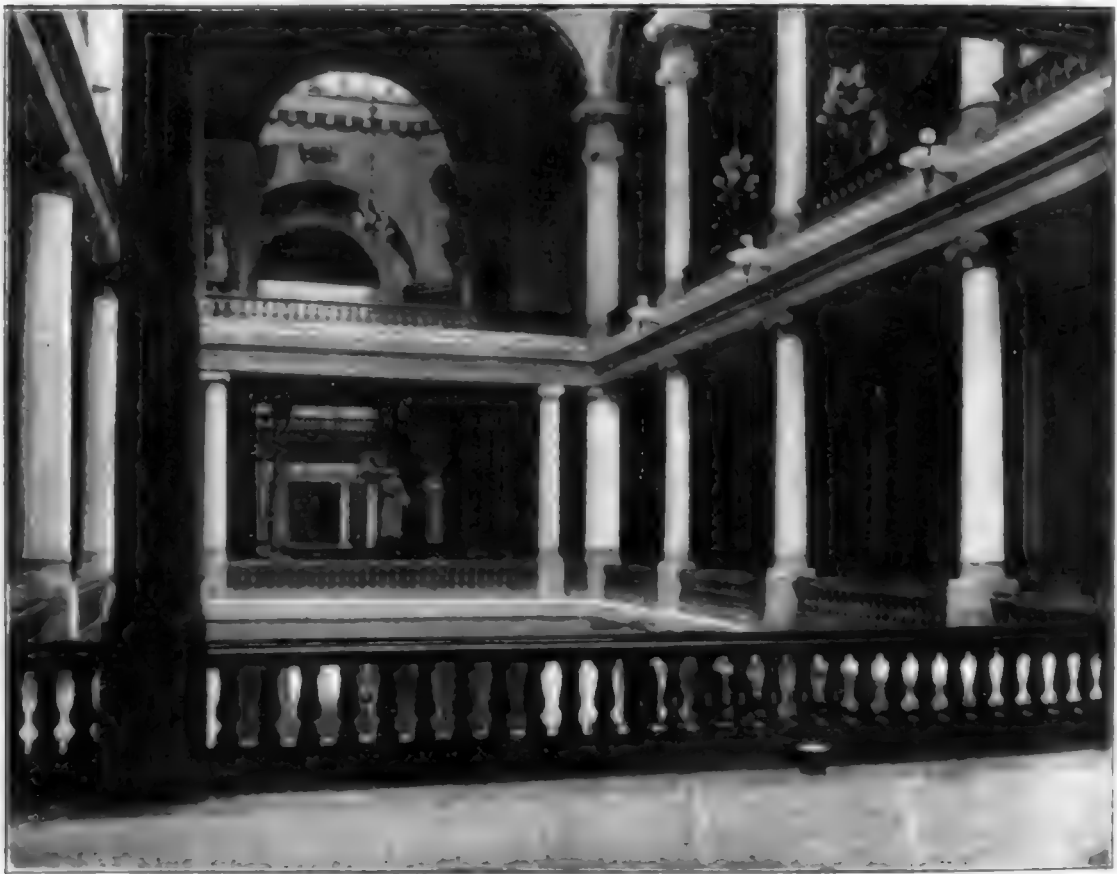
This is only one of the many deeds contributed by Indiana to the honour and growth of the Commonwealth. To consider her full contributions one would need to review the history of the whole country of which she is but a component part, and that Indianapolis is the most beautiful inland city in America is so obvious a fact that there is no room for denial.

as follows :—" Mr. Ray, the self-offered candidate for Governor, has been elected to the office he solicited by the people of the State."

Unfortunately, the Governorship at this time was more of an honour than a lucrative office, and, as no opponent appeared, Mr. Ray was unanimously elected.

This same Mr. Ray was decidedly peculiar in his ideas, as will be seen by a portion of his inauguration speech.

A speech of inauguration is com-



INTERIOR OF THE STATE HOUSE

Turning from the beauties of Indianapolis, of which the illustrations give a far better idea than any description can convey to the eye, let us glance back a moment to one or two peculiar points in Indiana history.

It is customary to elect the Governor of the State by public ballot. In the year 1825 a peculiar exception was made to this rule, of which affair *Nile's Register*, September 10th, 1825, speaks

monly supposed to be a very serious, practical speech, and such, we conceive, it should be; but Mr. Ray, in his sublime egotism, deems this an occasion to display his poor wit, and, as a relic of the early days, it is of interest. The quotation is from the *Olive Branch*, of Danville, Kentucky, in the early twenties, and Mr. Ray is speaking of the accusations his enemies bring against him :—" Only think, fellow-citizens, they have



VIEW FROM CANAL LOOKING TOWARDS THE STATE HOUSE

had the temerity to assert and publish to the world that I was ignorant of the appropriate function either of a carpet or of a spit-box. I have been informed that it has been asserted that at the time I visited Jeffersonville for the purpose of receiving General La Fayette, on being invited into the house of a respectable citizen, and seeing a carpet spread on the floor, I insisted on walking around it, and when the owner of the house pressed me to walk over it, I declared I would not for the world injure his quilt by treading on it, and that I spit my tobacco-juice on the floor outside of the carpet, and when a negro servant stared at me, kept fixing his gaze first on me and then on the spit-box, that I sang out, 'You black rascal, take that box away, or by the powers I'll spit in it!' Now, fellow-citizens, I can assure you that this is untrue; that, though I was roughly raised, I know now, and knew then, what was a carpet and what was a spit-box."

Indiana is known as the Hoosier State, and there are many conjectures as to the origin of this name; but they are worthless, unless supported by substantial proof. Nearly sixty years ago *The Pittsburgh Statesman* answered this question in a satisfactory manner:—"The good citizens of our sister State (Indiana) have been called Hoosiers for some time past at home and abroad; sometimes honourably and sometimes the reverse. As the term has become general it is high time that its origin and definition should be as generally known. Before that section of the public lands was surveyed, many families located and were called squatters. The surveyors, on finding one of these, would ask, 'Who's here?' and place the name on their map. The question became so familiar that on the first view of the smoke of a cabin the exclamation of another, 'Who's here?' became equally so, until it eventuated in the general term 'Hoosier.'"

In speaking of the history of Indiana it will not be amiss to state a few facts in regard to the State Library of Indiana, which is situated in the capital, and is supposed to contain that which is best upon the early history of the State. The books are poorly arranged, therefore hardly accessible for use, and by moving and negligence many have been lost.

Political intrigue has placed a few people in charge of the library who have no regard for the monuments of the past of Indiana, and who have not sufficient intelligence to appreciate what they have lost and are continually losing, day by day. Their ignorance of Indiana history is something remarkable, and is only exceeded by their apathy in doing nothing to increase this knowledge. A lamentable, but a true, fact is that no autograph of J. B. Dillon, the historian of Indiana, is in the library. He was the man who wrote the only history of the State, and to whom the reflected glory of Dunn is but as a candle to the luminous light which Dillon has shed on the name of Indiana.

The most valuable collection of portraits in Indiana are hung about the walls of her State Library, they are paintings of her Governors. The portrait of Governor David Wallace has a peculiar story connected with it. Years ago, when the set was still incomplete, a competition-list was opened for a painting of David Wallace. Among the many paintings submitted by artists, one far excelled in trueness and in expression. Under no conditions would the artist disclose his name. This picture was accepted, and it was afterwards discovered that the son had painted the father, for the artist was Lew Wallace, the well-known author of "Ben Hur." This painting is undoubtedly his masterpiece.

Indiana, besides her contribution to history, may rightly lay claim to an

old city famous in its early days, for Vincennes is the oldest city, except Philadelphia, in America, and many quaint relics of the past are still found here.

Before Indianapolis was made the capital of the State, a little place called Corydon was the seat of government.

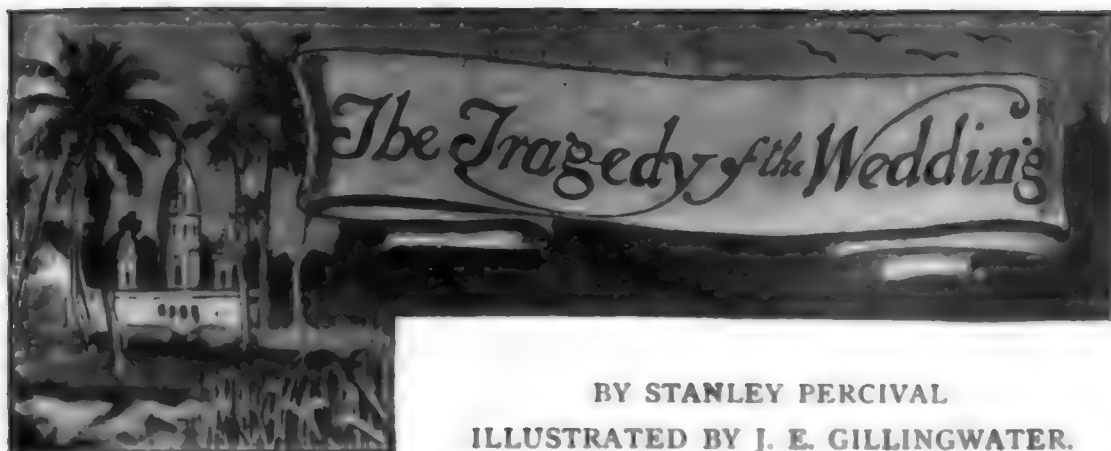
At Corydon, in the year 1816, the first Legislature of Indiana met, and of all names in history the founders' are the most important. The salaries paid to these men, when compared to the amount paid to holders of these offices to-day, seem very ludicrous. The officers elected for the new State of Indiana were—Jonathan Jennings (Governor), \$1,000 per annum; Christopher Harrison (Lieutenant-Governor), Robert A. Neu (Secretary of State), each received \$400; William H. Lilly (Auditor of State), Thomas C. Lane (Treasurer of State), \$400; Isaac Blackford (Speaker of the House of Representatives), Jesse R. Holman, James Scott, and John Johnson (Judges' Supreme Court of Indiana), \$700 each.

Benjamin Parke, afterwards resigning in favour of William Prince, was appointed Circuit Judge of the first district of Indiana, for the second district David Raymond, and the Judge of the third district was John Test.

In 1821 Indianapolis was selected as the capital of Indiana. At that time the population of the whole State was only 147,102. Considering that this was only seventy-seven years ago, and that to-day the census of Indianapolis alone exceeds this number, it is truly a marvellous growth.

This was the beginning of Indiana, and since then advancing Civilisation, with her nimble-fingered friend, Commerce, has built up the beautiful city of Indianapolis, which, from its culture and refinement, may well be designated the City of Clubs.





BY STANLEY PERCIVAL

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. GILLINGWATER.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The main incidents narrated in this story are based on scientific investigations, and apparent improbabilities do but portend what might be accomplished by an intellectual and unscrupulous man, who sought to commit crimes with the aid of Hypnotism.

I.
NAY, Sahib, thy medicine availeth naught; my time is at hand. Even now can I hear the voices calling to me. Ever hast thou been to me as a father and mother. Thou hast shown naught but kindness to me, thy unworthy servant. Sahib! I am not poor as thou thinkest. Nay, smile not! Ere I go, I would leave in thy hands the key of the hidden treasure of the Temple of Sūrya."

The bony, withered hand of the old Indian woman, wandered over her loose garment and nervously clutched a small piece of parchment, concealed within its folds.

"I have neither kith nor kin, and the secret would have died with me, but now will I show my gratitude for thy great goodness. Quick, Sahib, quick! open it, that I may read. This treasure is for you alone, Sahib Makyne. Trust not thy friend, the Sahib Belmont, for he has the eye of evil. And if thou dost trust him, surely then will harm befall thee."

Her eyes wandered over the yellow document which Makyne had unfolded, and she translated in a low, broken voice:—

"In the Temple of Sūrya, in the

plain of Seebpore, when the Queen of Night trailed her sable robes across the face of Varuna, the treasure of the Sonārs was offered. Within the sweep of the arm is it hidden, guarded by the Sign of the Star."

"Sahib—I am going—trust him not. I have spoken true talk—it is dark."

The eyelids closed, and her breath came in quick, short gasps, and, ere the next few minutes had passed, the old native woman, Nana, had crossed the "threshold of the world."

"Sorry she's gone," murmured Makyne; "I knew she couldn't last very long, when I saw her. Rather curious, this yarn of hers." And he looked at the parchment with its faded characters. "I can't read it. I'll show it to Belmont, he's rather keen on this sort of thing. Wonder if there's anything in it."

"This is curious," said Belmont, a couple of hours later, as he sat examining the document. "It's very old, in fact, I can hardly make it out. Now let's see," and he commenced reading word by word, translating into English as he proceeded.

"In the Temple of Sūrya"—that's the Hindu Sun God, one of the Navagrahāh, their planet gods—"in the plain of Seeb-

pore'—that's probably outside the town of Seebpore, which lies about fifteen miles N.N.W. from here.

"The next phrase is evidently their way of meaning the moon, and 'the sable robes across Varuna's face' might be the shadows passing over an idol."

"Who the deuce was Varuna?" interrupted Makyne.

"That's the God of the Ocean, and probably there's an idol of the old chap in this temple."

"You seem to know all about it. But go on."

"Well, what I make out of the rest of it, is, that some treasure was hidden by the Sonārs—they were goldsmiths, you know—but what the 'sweep of the arm' or the 'Sign of the Star' may be, we can't possibly guess until we see the place; but I should think it indicates the actual spot where the treasure was hidden. Anyhow we'll follow it up. I shouldn't be at all surprised if it's genuine. These old Hindus believed in offerings to their gods, and this one may have taken the form of jewels and gold, or something of that sort. I certainly propose that we go in search. What do you say?"

"Oh," laughed Makyne, "I'm game for a few days in the country, but as for making any wonderful discovery, I don't place much reliance on *that*."

"Right. Then we'll go. By the bye, its yours of course, I've nothing to do with it; but I'm a bit hard up, as you know, and if you *do* strike it rich, you might lend me a bit to go on with."

"If we do find anything, we'll go halves, of course," said Makyne promptly.

"Halves!" repeated Belmont, "that's awfully good of you, old man, but we'll find it first, and—and—then we can settle the division."

A hard look passed over his face, as a sudden thought came to his mind, and he strolled on to the verandah, and, settling himself in a lounge chair, lit his pipe.

"No, it's not enough," he said to himself, "not enough. I must have money, aye, and plenty of it, too. If there's anything in this old hag's tale, it'll take more than a simple fool like Makyne to keep me from getting it. Since the wife died, I've been going the

pace pretty smart, and it'll be eternal smash if I don't ease up a bit. But there, she's dead now, and I've only my boy Arthur to think about, and by God, for his sake, I'd go to any ends—yes, any ends. How I hate that Makyne, he's always lucky. If I get hold of this money—and if it's there, I'm going to have it—I shall go over to the old country, and look after the youngster. I must get it, even if ——" but the remainder of the sentence was left unfinished. He sat motionless. His hands were tightly clenched and the hard lines on his face assumed an expression of fierce determination.

On the morning of the expedition, Belmont was moody and preoccupied, replying only in monosyllables to Makyne's remarks.

Towards evening they arrived at the ruined temple, and, too tired to commence exploring at once, threw themselves on the grass, and enjoyed a quite pipe.

They smoked for some time in silence. Miles away from the haunts of man, with the stillness of an Indian night coming on, the weird fantasies which wove themselves around the old ruin, seemed to Makyne to ring out, as a ghostly warning, Nana's last words, "Trust him not! Trust him not!" The words rang through his mind again and again, with such persistent reiteration, that at length it appeared to him as if Nana's spirit were hovering overhead in the rapidly approaching darkness. He tried to put the fancy away, but still it clung to him. At last he roused himself with an effort, and walked to the entrance of the temple. As he did so, the first faint streaks of the moon's pale light became visible, and Belmont exclaimed,

"At last she's come! We shall have enough light to work by directly."

The two men entered the temple, and Belmont, with his intimate knowledge of idols, soon discovered the one he sought.

"Here we are, here's Varuna, this with an arm raised, and by all that's holy we've struck it! I tell you, we've struck it! Here—look here," and he dragged his companion to the front of the idol. "Here's the shadow of the arm, and as



"WITH A SAVAGE CRY, BELMONT SPRANG AT HIS COMPANION"

the moon climbs higher and westward, it will move across the floor. 'The sweep of the arm,' see? It ought to fall in this direction, look out for anything like a star, within ten feet or so. Somewhere about here."

He was excited and flung himself on his hands and knees, minutely examining the rough floor, partly overgrown with grass and weeds, Makyne assisting, but still not thinking much of their prospect of securing anything of any value. After a long search they discovered a small slab in the shape of a star, let into the pavement.

"Got it!" shouted Belmont.

"Perhaps," returned Makyne; "wait until we see what's underneath, before we shout."

They removed the stone, and found a ring of iron, let into another and larger slab. They set to work with a will, Makyne's interest now thoroughly aroused, and after digging away the earth and stones, they managed to lift it away. Underneath was a rude cell, containing a curiously carved box or casket, with hinges and lock of pure gold.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Makyne.

"So am I," returned Belmont laconically.

They forced open the lid, and there, carefully wrapped in pieces of the finest silk, were jewels and precious stones of priceless value.

"Good luck!" said Makyne; "half of that little lot for each of us will make us rich men." He turned to place the casket on a marble ledge at his side, preparatory to replacing the slab.

With a savage cry, Belmont sprang at his companion, and gripped him by the throat.

"You'll give me half, will you?" he hissed. "But I'll have the lot."

Makyne struggled to free himself, but the grasp on his throat tightened, his eyes started from his head, his face became livid, until at last, with a frantic effort, he wrenched himself free.

He was too exhausted to offer further resistance, and Belmont, with an oath, drew a knife, and plunged it in Makyne's breast, who fell forward, gasping, "Nana was right, she warned me—Ah-h!" And he too, "crossed the threshold."

II.

Dr. Camro Makyne sat in his study at his house in Harley Street. In front of him was spread a collection of old newspaper cuttings, memoranda, and letters.

He turned them over, reading a line here and there, and, pausing over a slip from an Indian paper dated June 17th, 1864, he re-read the faded type:

"The body of Mr. John Makyne was found yesterday by some natives, lying in the ruined temple of Sūrya, on the plain of Seebpore. The unfortunate man had a severe knife wound in the left breast. No motive can be assigned for the crime, Mr. Makyne's personal property appearing to have been untouched. A small carved box was found close to the body, but whether it belonged to the victim, or was left by his murderer, it is not possible to determine. It has been suggested that Mr. Makyne had been decoyed by some means to the place by a native who stabbed him for the sake of what money and jewellery the deceased was carrying at the time, but who, alarmed immediately after striking the fatal blow, fled without securing his booty."

"Possibly," murmured the Doctor, "but they don't mention the fact that his friend, Belmont, went with him to the temple, and what they went there for. The poor old dad entered that in his diary the night before they started, and lucky it was he did so, and that his papers were sent home undisturbed, otherwise I might never have had a clue to work upon."

"I've been upon Belmont's track ever since I unearthed that entry. Strange that it escaped the notice of the authorities at the time. But now I think I've brought affairs to a climax. For the sake of clearness let me tabulate the data I have secured up to the present."

He jotted down a brief *résumé* of the various papers that lay before him.

"June 16th, 1864. J. M. murdered by party unknown, in Temple of Sūrya at Seebpore. Personal property untouched."

"Entry in J. M.'s diary, June 14th, to the effect that he and friend, Fred. Belmont, had become possessed of secret information regarding jewels hidden in a

temple, and that they proposed to take a week's leave, with the intention of searching, and, if found, sharing treasure equally.'

"Then comes a gap of nearly four years, till I finished with the hospital work, and had time to look round me. Then we go on:—

"'Traced out movements of F. B. at time of murder. Found through agents that he had left district some time during the autumn of '64. Nothing known of his movements.'

"Let's see, next comes this cutting from a local paper in the North of England, Aug. 3rd, '84:—

"'It is with great regret' . . . H'm, we'll skip all the conventional editorial lies . . . 'death of Mr. Frederic R. Belmont, late of India, who passed away after a lingering illness . . . His son, Mr. Arthur Belmont, inherits the whole of his father's fortune.'

"'A. B. leaves England shortly after father's death, for tour through the U.S.'

"And I should have had him at New York, if my agents hadn't made fools of themselves, and let him slip through their fingers.

"That brings me up to the present moment," and he took up and glanced over a note he had that morning received from one of his confidential agents:—

"Mr. Arthur Belmont, living at 'The Chase,' Kneston, near Leicester. Father been in India, been dead some years. Son has good position in county. Has money. Am returning by first train to-morrow, and will give further details."

"Good man, Collins,"

said the Doctor. "He has the makings of an excellent detective in him. He ought to be here by now if he came by that train. I'll give him half-an-hour longer."

He lit a cigar, and sat musing over the papers, until the page announced that Mr. Collins wished to see him.

"Show him in. Well, Collins," the Doctor went on, as a neat, dapper little man entered the room. "I have your letter; what else have you to report, and how did you gather your information?"

"Went down as a stable-help, out of a job, Sir, and hung about the stables of



"'I HAVE YOUR LETTER, WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU TO REPORT?'"

'The Chase,' doing odd jobs, and chatting to the men. Groom told me as how his master was coming up to town at the end of the month, but he didn't know where he was going to stay. So I loafed about for a few days, and came across Mr. Belmont's personal servant doing the grand one night, at a free and easy in the village pub. He wasn't above being treated by me though, but he was very close about his master's affairs at first, until I got him on a bit, and then he told me all I wanted to know.

"He said Mr. Belmont was coming up to town to be married to the Hon. Miss Shafton. Was going to stay at the Seeton Hotel until the wedding. Found out the names of several people Mr. Belmont knows in London—one of them's Major Dennis in Jermyn Street, where I've often been to take messages for you, Sir."

"Ah, yes, I remember," replied the Doctor. "Go on."

"I saw Mr. Belmont himself once, Sir," continued Collins. "He came into the stables one day when I was helping. He's a thin, fair-haired man of about forty, I should say. Light moustache, and looks delicate. That's all I could find out, Sir. I stayed there a week, and got back to town this morning."

"All right, Collins, you seem to have got all the particulars you could, but it's a matter of no consequence. I don't think it's the man I want, after all. That's all just now; I'll let you know when I want you again."

"Now," he said to himself, after the man had quitted the room. "It's just possible that this Arthur Belmont is the son of the man who murdered my father. It's probable he doesn't know anything of it himself, or how his father became suddenly rich. He must have been a child of barely ten, at the time Belmont, senior, came home directly after securing the jewels, thinking that the only two people in the world who knew of their existence were dead. Any tale he chose to concoct of having made a fortune would naturally be believed. Probably he gave liberally to the local charities, and was a 'pillar' of the particular church or chapel which he favoured

with his patronage. That generally whitewashes a man, and makes people believe in him, whatever his past may have been.

"That's all perfectly clear, so far. I'd better see Major Dennis. He's a gossip sort of fool, and I ought to get any further information I may want out of him, together with an introduction to this Arthur Belmont, and we'll see him, and make sure of the facts. And if he is the man who has had the use of the money which ought to have come to me, and the son of my father's murderer—well—God help him, that's all."

The man who was so interested in Arthur Belmont's history was a dark, keen looking man of about forty-four. More than twenty years before he had been left an orphan, with barely sufficient means to complete his education and to enable him to take his doctor's degree. As a youth he had been looked upon by his fellow-students as "Deuced clever, but infernally hard up, don't 'cher know!" And when, shortly after passing his final, he announced his intention of setting up as a fashionable doctor in the West End, their astonishment as to how he had procured the necessary capital was naturally great.

He explained that he had unexpectedly come into some money, but would give no further particulars.

A man of intense brain-power, he had, in his student days been attracted to the study of hypnotism. The fascination of the science had so grown upon him that he had devoted some years to its special study, and had become intensely skilled in its practice. He had an intimate knowledge of all the various schools of hypnotism that were in vogue on the Continent, his own system being that of suggestion, as taught in the School of Nancy.

His iron will, his strong self-control, the strength with which he had fought the battle of life against the heavy odds of poverty, all tended to make him cold-blooded and heartless. Friends he had none; acquaintances by the score. And though he despised the men who courted his society, and the women who flattered him, he invariably met them with the polish of a man of the world, bland, suave and genial.

In spite of adverse public opinion he practised hypnotism in his profession, using it with great success in various cases of functional neurosis.

In most instances, however, he merely adopted it with a view to an ulterior end, which end he carefully cloaked under an assumed sympathetic interest in the subject.

But deep in his keen, calculating brain was a tiny flaw—a flaw that had descended to him by the relentless law of heredity. His great-grandfather on the maternal side had been afflicted in early life with a slight trace of insanity, and the disease, latent during two generations, had reappeared in the third, in a curious and abnormal manner.

The inherited instability of his higher nerve-regions caused the stress of his earlier years of student's toil and professional worry to act with an effect that, had he been in easier circumstances, would, perhaps, never have been produced.

It found its expression in a bent of instinctive criminality, slight at first, but intensified by his extraordinary mental activity, and by the knowledge of his power over others. To him every kind of subtle, intellectual, scientific crime came as second nature. And with the skill to plan and execute came the skill to evade the consequences of his actions. Criminality was to him a hobby, a relaxation from severe scientific research. He brought his powerful brain and brilliant inventive faculties to the subject, and it was to him as ordinary amusements are to other men. His utter lack of moral sensibility enabled him to commit crimes at which many hardened criminals would have recoiled, and caused him to manifest cynical and contemplative delight in inflicting suffering for the mere gratification of experiencing the emotion of power while so doing.

While he was yet a young man, he had come across the entry in his father's diary. He had been convinced then that Belmont was the murderer, and had vowed to some day hunt him down, and, if the treasure actually existed, to secure the share that should have descended to him, and become the avenger of his father at the same time.

Even now, when his professional success was assured, and he was fairly well off, his lust for revenge, and the chance of acquiring a possible fortune, were still ever in his thoughts.

III.

THE next afternoon the Doctor strolled round to the club, where he knew Major Dennis was in the habit of indulging in billiards. He found him idly knocking the balls about.

"Hullo!" said Dennis, as the Doctor entered, "it isn't often you are out of your den this time of day."

"I came specially to see you, Major; just had the offer of a hack at a remarkably low figure, and I wanted to ask your advice on the matter, as I know you're a good judge of horseflesh."

"Delighted, my dear boy! I'll have a look at it whenever you like. Will you give me a hundred up? I'm just waiting for a game."

"With pleasure," replied the Doctor, choosing a cue.

"I say, Doctor, if you really want a first-class horse, there's a friend of mine in Leicestershire, who is getting rid of part of his stud, as he is going to be married shortly, and I've no doubt you would be able to pick one up cheap from him. He's coming up to town in a week or two, and is sure to look me up. I'll let you know when he's coming, and you can come round to my diggings one night, and see him about it."

"You don't mean Lascelles, of Leicester, do you? He has a good name up there for horses."

"No, it's Arthur Belmont. He lives at Kneston, just outside the town, and a fine place he keeps up, too. I never heard where he got his money from, but he's got enough of it—lucky devil! Besides his bank balances and investments, he has a second fortune in jewels. Makes a hobby of them, I believe. I've never seen such a collection of stones. But, there, I'll arrange for you to meet him."

"Thanks, Major," replied the Doctor, with a bland smile, "I shall be most happy to make his acquaintance. My shot? How's the score?"

"75 to 33; I lead. Any odds you like on me for this game, Doctor."

"Yes, I must pull up, or you'll run out." And he played a careful and finished break of 42, that showed his complete mastery over the balls when he chose to exert himself. He finished with a safety miss, and chuckled.

"There, Major, how are the odds now, eh? That makes it a better game—75 to your 76. I don't grudge you the odd one. Never bet unless you're certain. That's an excellent old rule in life as well as in billiards."

"Well, I'm damned; you're a perfect juggler with the balls. Just as I thought I had the game in my own hands, too!" And the Major screwed his eyeglass viciously into his eye, as he made his next shot. His attempt to score, however, was fruitless, and the Doctor, picking up his cue, ran out an easy winner.

"Thanks for the game, Major. I must be off; professional engagements won't wait for billiards, y'know. Give you your revenge another day."

"I'm really not surprised that Arthur Belmont is fond of jewels," he mused, as he walked homeward. "From what the Major says, I should think he's a bit of a collector and connoisseur. All the better; he'll be easier to draw. I really think my time is coming at last. What care I whether it be this man or his father who wronged me? The father's dead, and I'll take my revenge on the son. After all, he's merely a unit, an organism, and if I can make any use of him, I'll do it. I must get possession of my part of the property first, and then I'll consider whether it will be advisable to bring to an abrupt conclusion his adaptation to environment. That sounds better than saying, 'I'll kill him,' or rather, that I will be the means of his death. But let me forget all about the matter until I hear from Dennis. By Jove, what an exquisite bit of sky!" he added, glancing upward.

A week later Dr. Makyne received a note from Major Dennis, asking him to come round the same night to meet Arthur Belmont. Before leaving his house, he took from a jewel-case an antique Egyptian signet ring, with a curiously carved stone, which, set in a hoop of gold, revolved on its own axis. On one side was engraved the typical



"HE TOOK FROM A JEWEL CASE AN ANTIQUE EGYPTIAN SIGNET RING."

face of an Egyptian beauty, and on the reverse was the semblance of a death's head, in which the sockets of the eyes were set with emeralds, giving a ghastly and uncanny appearance to the wearer's hand.

"That's a ring that ought to excite his interest, if he's anything of the lover of jewels that Dennis says he is," he muttered, slipping it on his finger, with the death's head turned outward.

"Come in, Doctor, called out the Major, as the servant opened the door. "Let me introduce you to my friend, Belmont. I was just telling him that you wanted to buy a horse." And the three men fell to discussing horseflesh and stable lore.

"Well," said Belmont, finally, "it you will give me the pleasure of putting you and your wife up for a few days at

my place at Kneston, after I return from my honeymoon, I shall be delighted, and then you can have your pick of the gees before they go up for auction."

"For my own part, I most readily accept; but as for my wife," the Doctor added, laughing, "you know, a bachelor isn't supposed to have one."

"Why, I certainly took you for a married man, Doctor. I thought most medical men were so, if only out of deference to Mrs. Grundy."

"My dear fellow, I ignore Mrs. Grundy entirely, and I have always looked upon my life, with its scientific interests and pursuits, as an exact mathematical problem, expressed in terms of precision and clearness, the corresponding sequences of which will be both logical and complete. Surely you would not have me introduce into this equation that unknown quantity—woman?"

"Bravo, Doctor!" chimed in the Major. "I don't know what you mean, but it's just what I think about it. I don't worry much about the logical sequences and mathematical problems, or whatever you call 'em, of my life—dodging bullets and looking after troop horses has been more in my line—but I think that woman's a damned nuisance, and I suppose that's just about what you mean, eh?"

"It's all very well for you two hardened bachelors to talk of woman in this way," said Belmont. "I think she's the choicest flower of earth. You know, 'God made man a little lower than the angels, and woman a little above 'em.'"

"Good idea," growled the Major, "only you've got it the wrong way round; but engaged men are permitted to rave, y'know. Where the deuce did you get that ring from, Makyne? It's been worrying me for the last ten minutes," he added, with his usual bluntness. "Let's have a look at it."

"There's a history connected with it, I dare say," replied the Doctor, as he handed it to the Major. "I picked it up at a sale a year or two ago. It has some amount of value, I believe."

"I should think it had," exclaimed Belmont, "It looks like an Egyptian; antique, too, I should say. Those revolving signets are very distinctive."

"I see you are something of a con-

noisseur," said the doctor, "I'm rather interested in jewels myself, I have a small collection, principally antique."

"Yes," returned Belmont, "I am rather keen on the subject. I have a very fair collection of old Indian specimens; they were brought home by my father a few years after the mutiny. How he got them, I never knew. One doesn't enquire too closely into the financial operations of those times. There were originally more, I believe, but he disposed of some, shortly after leaving India."

"Then you will be able to criticise mine. You must come round one day, I shall value your opinion."

"I will, with pleasure, I'm always glad to meet with a fellow-lover of old stones."

* * * *

"Good morning, Doctor," said Belmont's jovial voice, as he was ushered into Dr. Makyne's study, a couple of days later. "You see, I've kept my promise. I'm as bad as a society girl, when jewels are the attraction."

"Come in, my dear fellow, and make yourself at home," said the Doctor, shaking hands heartily. "You're just in time to join me in a cigar before lunch. I can offer you something choice in the way of Havannas; I flatter myself I'm a good judge in that line." And he pulled forward an easy chair, and made his visitor comfortable,

"I'm afraid my collection is not a very grand one, but I have one or two rather choice specimens," he went on, unlocking a cabinet and drawing out a box of Oriental workmanship, curiously carved, and apparently of great age.

"You've an uncommonly quaint box to keep 'em in, anyway," said Belmont, examining it with interest.

"Yes, it belonged to my father, and was sent home with his effects after he died in India. There is a strange story connected with it, that I will perhaps tell you some day." And the speaker chuckled to himself, as he thought how little his listener guessed that the story was of vital importance to him.

He took from the box a few rare specimens of rings, and chains, and Belmont criticised and approved with that zest of which only an enthusiast is capable.

"This is a fine piece of work," he exclaimed at length, holding up a delicate anklet, carved and pierced in a thousand fantastic shapes. "I have one almost identical, but mine is even finer in workmanship."

"Nonsense," said the Doctor; "why, I regard that as exceedingly fine, perhaps the finest specimen of that particular style extant. Modern goldsmiths seem to have lost the art of such delicate piercing, and most of the so-called genuine native work is manufactured to order in the Indian province of Birmingham."

"I'd like to bet you, Doctor, that mine's finer."

"I should be robbing you, my dear fellow. There isn't a finer in the world. But just for the sake of a friendly bet, I will wager you a box of cigars on it, and you can bring your collection round here one day, and we can compare."

"Right, I will. I have the jewels in town with me. They are keeping them in the safe at my hotel, until we get settled. I brought them up to let Miss Shafton make her choice from them for a wedding gift. I mean to surprise her," he added with a smile, "she doesn't even know I have them with me."

"That's a bet then, and as you're bound to lose, have another cigar now." And the Doctor smiled as he passed the box.

"No, no more, Doctor. They're excellent, but ever since I was thrown in the hunting field, a couple of seasons ago, I have been subject to attacks of giddiness, and smoking much before meals seems to bring them on. That one cigar, even, has made my head feel a bit dizzy."

"That's bad. What do you do for it? A little patching up would soon put you all right."

"Well, I thought I'd ask your advice on the matter;" and Belmont gave an account of his symptoms. "I heard from Major Dennis that you practise hypnotism for nervous complaints, and perhaps you can cure me by that. Everything I've tried seems no use."

"Certainly. Nothing easier. It is just in such cases as this that the value of suggestion becomes immense."

"I don't know much about mesmerism, or hypnotism, or whatever you call it, Doctor, but I've seen professionals do some queer things at the music halls."

"Three-fourths pure trickery. Very widely different from hypnotic suggestion as taught by the modern scientific schools. Put shortly, hypnotism is nothing more than a particular mental state in which susceptibility to suggestion is heightened. The use of hypnotism to medical men is founded on the premiss that many nervous diseases can be cured, or relieved, merely by making the patient believe that he will soon be better."

"Let me put you to sleep, and suggest that your giddiness will pass away, and you will be all right in five minutes."

"Now try to sleep, think of nothing but that you are to go to sleep. Lie back in that chair, you will be more rested and feel easier; you look tired already, your eyelids are beginning to close. You are feeling more and more fatigued all over—your head is so heavy that it is falling forward—your eyes are quite closed now, your thinking powers are getting dull and confused, you are nearly asleep, now you are quite off. Fast asleep!"

The Doctor kept his eyes fixed intently on his subject.

"You are still asleep?" he asked after a few moments.

"Yes," answered Belmont drowsily.

"Fast asleep?"

"Yes."

"But you can hear the ticking of this watch," and he held a sheet of paper to Belmont's ear.

"Yes, perfectly."

"Excellent," said the Doctor to himself. "An organisation most susceptible to hypnotic suggestion. Perfect hypnosis induced at first attempt. This ought to lead to some interesting experiments. But he will need some two or three weeks' training. He told me the wedding would not be for a month yet, that ought to give me ample time for— for any experiments I may deem advisable in the interests of science, or—of myself."

He stood motionless, gazing intently at Belmont. For years had he en-

deavoured to trace out the murderer of his father, and now at last, he had every reason to believe that the murderer's son was in his power; but of this he still required absolute proof.

"Arthur Belmont," he said, addressing the hypnotic, "were you with your father when he died?"

"Yes," Belmont answered in a quiet, steady voice, only a shade different from his normal tones.

"He died in '84, did he not?"

"Yes."

"He came from India, and had in his possession a valuable collection of jewels, I think?"

"Yes."

"Now—you are to tell me everything he said just before he died, everything that you heard.

"There's just a chance that old Belmont let drop some word about his secret," the Doctor went on to himself, "one word is all I want to make sure.

"Tell me," he repeated aloud.

Belmont started without any hesitation, and speaking freely and easily as though he were repeating some well-learned lesson.

"It was only for Arthur's sake I did it. The old woman was right—Curse you, I will have them all—How his eyes stared and his face turned livid—My knife!—Ha! Varuna has another offering—Poor old Jack, and no one knew. The papers said it was a native——"

"Stop," said the Doctor.

And Belmont ceased talking.

A smile of grim satisfaction played about the Doctor's hard lips. His search of years was ended, and before him, peacefully wrapped in hypnotic sleep, was the son of the man who had murdered and robbed his father.

"Your giddiness is passing off now," he said. "How do you feel? Better?"

"Yes, I think it is," Belmont answered;

"I feel much better."

"It will be better still in a moment, and when you wake up, it will be quite gone, and you will forget everything you've said, and simply think you've had a little nap. Wake up now, and try another cigar."

Belmont opened his eyes, and stretched himself.

"I really beg your pardon, Doctor, I do believe I dropped off to sleep; I was extra late last night, and——"

The Doctor laughed.

"Don't apologise, my dear fellow, at all. How's your giddiness? Any better?"

"It's gone. Suddenly this time. These attacks generally last an hour or so."

"Well, next time you feel one of them coming on, give me a look up, and I'll cure you permanently in a week or two. I thought I could manage to take it away this time."

"Why—you don't mean to say you hypnotised me, surely?"

"No," smiled the doctor, "I merely suggested to you, while you were asleep, that you felt better, and you fell in with my suggestion. I told you hypnotism was nothing more than suggestion, you know."

"Well, it's served my turn this time. I'll certainly come and see you when next I feel at all queer, and I shall be glad if you will look upon me as a case for your skill."

"Thanks, I will. Now, have another cigar. It won't hurt you this time."

"Thank you, I don't think it will, though I haven't been able to smoke two cigars running since I had that smash. You've worked wonders, doctor."

"Science does sometimes," replied the doctor, with a slight smile.

Arthur Belmont felt instinctively attracted to Dr. Makyne. He had fallen under the spell of the geniality of manner, the intimate knowledge the doctor had of men and things, and the pleasant, easy familiarity with which he was welcomed to the house in Harley Street. He had had recurrences of the giddiness of which he had complained, and had, time after time, availed himself of Dr. Makyne's hypnotic power to relieve it.

But unconsciously he had by slow but certain degrees fallen under the domination of the superior will, for in each succeeding hypnosis the doctor had increased his power over his subject, and had brought him to such a state of hypnotic training, that Belmont's will and mind were entirely under the doctor's control, without the subject

being aware of the fact in his waking moments.

It was some weeks after their first introduction, and but a few days to the wedding, that the doctor had asked Belmont to bring the jewels from his hotel for examination and comparison.

Belmont had readily consented, and the next evening the two men were sitting in the doctor's study deeply engaged in discussing the merits of the various specimens.

Dr. Makyne looked worried and anxious, so much so, that Belmont noticed it.

"Why, doctor, you're looking quite knocked up; I thought a brain like yours could stand any amount of hard work. You've been overdoing it."

The doctor laughed. "Yes," he replied, "I do feel a bit worried, I

suppose. The fact is, I have an important experiment to undertake to-night, and if I fail, it might possibly affect my reputation."

"No fear of your failing, I should say. You high priests of science seem to have the power of invoking success in whatever you attempt."

"Thanks. I accept your compliment as an augury of my good fortune and success."

He half rose from his chair as he spoke. He was sitting opposite Belmont, the table, spread with the glittering and precious collection, between them.

"Arthur Belmont," he said, in a low penetrating voice, fixing his companion with his piercing, cold eyes, "these jewels, which you have brought to my house to-night, are not your own. They were stolen by your father from mine,

and they are now coming back to their rightful owner, myself.

"Sit still! Your will is under my control, and you cannot move or prevent my actions. Your—will—is—under—my—control," he repeated slowly, settling himself back in his chair, but still keeping his eyes on his victim, fascinating him by their intense power.

Belmont sat huddled together, unable to move, save to follow the doctor's movements with his eyes. His face had grown pallid and lined with fear, and his eyes had that dumb look of agony at an approaching fate that the doctor had seen so often in those of a dog when he was slowly torturing it to death, "in the interests of scientific investigation."

"Listen;" he went on. "Years ago, in India, your father



"SIT STILL! YOUR WILL IS UNDER MY CONTROL."

murdered mine for the sake of these very jewels. You gave me the final proof of that fact when you repeated the words that he uttered on his deathbed when I first hypnotised you. What did you think of those words at the time? Answer me."

"We thought he was raving; he had a touch of fever for some days before his death. I never thought, I never knew—oh, my God!"—the voice broke off in a wail of agony—"you—you are torturing me. I swear I never thought the words were true, or that it was of his own acts he was speaking."

"That may be so; it matters little now. What does matter is that I had to suffer for the lack of the money you were enjoying. Now it is my chance of adjusting the balance, and I mean to do so. I intend to regain my father's share of the treasure and to avenge his death at the same time. You will leave these jewels here, and when you go from this house, you will entirely forget that such jewels ever existed, except that, should the hotel people inquire after them, you will say that you have left them for better security at your London banker's. No other people here know you have them in town. You told me, I think, that you informed no one, as you wished to surprise your bride by letting her make a selection for her wedding gift."

"Afterwards, if your friends should ask—but that, I think, will be immaterial, when the next few days have passed—" and the doctor laughed a vicious little laugh which came to his lips but not his eyes, as if some hidden thought had suddenly appealed to him and amused him—

"Your memory of these jewels will be an absolute blank, and you will even forget that you ever were interested in such things," he repeated, to the crouching, shrinking figure in the chair before him.

"So much for the jewels. Now listen to me further, Arthur Belmont. I am a scientist, and the pursuit of scientific investigations is my very life. There is one experiment I have long wanted to undertake, but a suitable human organisation had not been found till I met you."

"I have studied your mental characteristics with the greatest care and com-

pleteness, since my good friend, Major Dennis, introduced you to me. I owe him a deeper debt of gratitude than I think he can ever be aware of, by the way. I have made full notes on the hypnoses that you have been in, and of your symptoms, and have come to the conclusion that you are an admirable subject for my purpose. You quite follow me so far?"

"I—quite—follow—you." The words were jerked out from the parched and whitened lips, as if some involuntary power, apart from the action of the throat, impelled their utterance.

"Very well. Next Thursday you will be standing before the altar with your bride. You doubtless know the form of the Marriage Service. I must admit that personally I am better acquainted with scientific rather than with religious formulæ."

He took a Prayer-book from the book-case and turned to the Form of Solemnization of Matrimony, and went on—

"You will come to the part where you plight your troth and will be required to say after the priest:—'I, Arthur Belmont, take thee . . . in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish. . . .'"

The doctor stopped. Belmont still sat motionless in a condition of deep hypnosis, his widely staring eyes following the doctor with a look of intense horror and despair, which played over his face like a wave, distorting it in a ghastly and inhuman manner.

Dr. Makyne keenly observed the effect his words produced, and laid down the Prayer-book in order to note them in his case-book before going on speaking.

"'Mental emotion under suggestion produces similar results as physical.' I remember a woman we experimented on in the Bicêtre at Paris years ago, to whom I suggested that her flesh was being torn off with red-hot pincers. Her expressions and reflexes were very similar to the present ones. This is worth noting."

He went on speaking to Belmont, leaning towards him and dropping his voice, that any chance servant passing the door might not hear.

"When you reach the next sentence at the word 'part,' you will—" and he leaned still closer and whispered in Belmont's ear words that caused the whole

expression of the hypnotic to assume a still more intense horror, and his face to twist and writhe, till it seemed to shrivel up, as if the blast of a furnace had passed over it.

Dr. Makyne drew back and watched the effect of his suggestion—at first with an unmoved face and then with a slight pleased smile, as of an artist who contemplates a neatly touched-in sketch.

"I think my experiment is in a fair way to succeed, and that it will clear up a point in hypnotism about which, I must confess, I have been somewhat sceptical. We shall know the result by Thursday, at any rate. At present we can do no more, except to replace these jewels in their old resting-place, from which they have been absent so long.

"I must awaken him gently and by degrees this time," he went on, as he thrust the box into the cabinet and locked it. "I have rarely seen such a deep hypnosis."

He paused a moment, and then spoke in a softer voice:

"You are looking better now, Belmont. You had a nasty touch of neuralgia, but it's wearing off. You will be quite free from pain in a minute. Here is a volume of Longfellow, my favourite poet," and he laid an open book on the table. "Presently, when you wake up, you will think you've been absorbed in reading, and be asking for a cigar, forgetting everything you have dreamed, until that moment I mentioned to you next Thursday. *Then* you will remember. Now," he added, glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece, which pointed to a few minutes to nine, "when the clock strikes nine, wake up."

He strolled to the other end of the room, and stood admiring the soft beauty of a water-colour, when the clock commenced chiming, and almost simultaneously came Belmont's usual clear, pleasant voice—

"Doctor, I think I'll try another of your cigars. I was so interested in the immortal Miles Standish that I've let this go out, and it spoils a good cigar to re-light it."

"Certainly," replied the Doctor, turning round; "help yourself. It's awfully good of you to come and help

an old bachelor get through them. Oh, by the way, I want you to look at this old Indian bangle I bought at a sale. It's very ancient, and rather valuable, I believe. Are you a judge of such things?"

"Not I, Doctor. I can tell you the points of a good foxhound, or talk to you about the latest pattern of a gun, but I never took any interest in jewellery. Just wear a ring or two myself, but that's all."

"Ah! It's a very interesting subject, though," replied the Doctor, drily.

"Yes," he added to himself, "I really think my experiment will succeed."

IV.

Dr. Makyne sat in his study, filling in some details to the notes he had made on the case of Belmont. He laid down his pen, and leaned back in the softly-padded chair, glancing at his watch, which he placed on the table in front of him.

"Ten minutes to twelve. I won't add the final note until I am certain, and that won't be for an hour or more yet. Let's see—wedding timed for twelve. The critical point will be reached by about twelve-fifteen. That's as near as we can estimate. Then they will wire to Fleet Street. Nearest telegraph office to St. George's Church is in Grosvenor Street, a short three-minutes' walk—say two, for an enterprising reporter in a hurry. That will catch the one o'clock edition nicely, and the boys will have the papers up here inside another ten minutes, now that they all ride machines. That's about an hour and a-quarter. Time for a cigar and a liqueur before lunch.

He rose, and going to a cigar cabinet on the sideboard, chose, with care, a choice cigar, lit it, and poured out a glass of Chartreuse.

Passing the bookcase, as he sauntered back to his seat, he paused a moment to select a volume from its well-stocked shelves, and then settled himself luxuriously in his easy chair.

"I believe in a perfectly equable enjoyment of life, as far as is possible in man," he would have said. "When I was poor and in hardship, I was happy, and now that I am rich and in comfort,

I am exactly the same. It is only the environments that have altered."

He opened the book, and turned to the lines—

"I stood upon the hills, when Heaven's high arch

*Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales. . . .*

*If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,*

*Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."*

He re-read the words slowly, and laid the book down.

"Ah," he said to himself, "how exquisitely Longfellow has written of Nature's beauties! How his poetry appeals to one's sense of peace and harmony!"

* * * * *

"Happy the bride that the sun shines upon." And if the same remark applies to a bridegroom, Belmont should indeed have been happy, for the morning of the 16th June, in London, was as if it had been brought from the Sunny South.

The church was filled with that throng of fashionable people to whom a Society wedding is as attractive as a remnant sale to the ordinary British matron. The sunlight streamed in through the stained glass windows, adding a further charm to the many and delicate shades of the silks and satins with which the average Society woman seeks to rival "Solomon in all his glory."

Belmont was laughing and chatting in the vestry with his best man, waiting the moment when he should join his bride at the altar.

"Never felt better in my life," he said, in reply to a query.

"That's all right, then. And so you ought, marrying a girl like that, you lucky devil. Now I'm responsible for you for the next few minutes, until you are married, so just do as I tell you. Don't drop the ring when I pass it to you, so that I have to go on my knees and grovel for it; and if you want to sneeze at all, just arrange that it shan't happen when the Parson Johnny asks

you if you'll have her; and, above all, when he tells you to take her hand, don't ask, 'What's trumps?' Sounds bad, y'know."

"All right," said Belmont, laughing; "I'll remember. Look out! here they come!" And they left the vestry to meet the bride and her father.

The service started. The first responses had been made, and the bridegroom commenced repeating after the officiating clergyman—

"I, Arthur Belmont, take thee, Violet Neville Shafton, to be my wedded wife —"

With some surprise the best man noticed a slight hesitation in Belmont's speech, and a sudden pallor that overspread his face. The hesitation and pallor, however, both appeared to be but momentary, and he continued in a firm, clear voice:—"to have and to hold, from this time forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness, in health, to love and to cherish, till—death—do—us—part——"

The soft stillness of the church was suddenly broken by a piercing shriek from the bride; for the words "till death do us part" had been uttered by the bridegroom in a voice growing gradually slower and slower, until the last word came with a horrible gasp, an expression of intense mental agony passing over his face, as he fell, with a low moan, across the altar steps, his head striking the sharp edge, and staining their fair whiteness with a dull stream of crimson.

* * * * *

In his study the Doctor sat wrapped in thought, pondering over his Longfellow, as he had so often done before, when he was aroused from his reverie by the clock chiming a quarter past one. He put the book down, and paced the room, straining his ears to every sound in the streets.

Suddenly he stopped, and flung up the window and listened intently, as he heard the newsboys shrilling the words of their contents bills:

"Speshul 'dishun! 'Orrible tragedy at fashionable wedding! Bridegroom drops dead at the altar!"

He bought a paper as the lad passed

the window, and turning to the stop-press telegram, read with a satisfied smile: "At the wedding of Mr. Arthur Belmont and the Hon. Violet Shafton, at St. George's Church, this morning, the bridegroom dropped dead, from heart disease, at the altar steps."

He walked to the table, and completed his memoranda on the case, with the sentence—

"On the 16th of June, Arthur Belmont died from cardiac failure."

He blotted the words, and locked the papers away in his safe.

"My theory is proved, then. Death can be caused by post-hypnotic suggestion."

He rang the bell, and the page appeared.

"Is luncheon served yet?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, it's just going in."

And Dr. Makyne strolled in to lunch with a calm and contented manner—and a most excellent appetite.



The Mountain-Heart of Jamaica

WRITTEN BY MAY CROMMELIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



AN Autumn night in Jamaica! That is, indeed, a scene of enchantment!

One such September night has limmed itself on my brain in undying impression; for I had landed in the dream-island but a few days before, and its hot beauty, the splendour of colouring of its sea and land-scapes, the wealth of its gorgeous vegetation still wore what Kingsley called "the bride-look" of Nature to my eyes. All around the big country-house, or pen, of the Acting-Governor, where I was staying, the park lay bathed in moonlight so gloriously bright one recognised the different ponies grazing, unless they moved under the heavy-headed mango-trees.

Just beneath my window lay a small close, hedged with *lignum vitæ*, and bordered by tamarind trees. This spot seemed chosen for a fairies' ball-room, in which hundreds of invisible dancers carried soft yet brilliant lamps. Never did fire-flies gleam more beautifully, as they appeared moving in mazy dance, now vanishing, now flashing with their exquisite green lights. No scientific man as yet has guessed—no instrument has yet been made delicate enough to detect—how the insect produces the delicate verdant hue of its radiance.

It seemed well-nigh impossible to tear oneself away from this fascinating sight, and seek sleep in a mahogany four-poster, on a stony mattress. Sleep, when—though the thermometer had lately fallen from 94 to 84—even the single sheet and mosquito curtains were oppressive. It was a poor consolation for aching ribs to hear that to these cruelly hard couches, found in all old planters' houses, the once celebrated Jamaican beauties are said to have owed their elastic figures.

After a hot, restless night, it was delightful to rise in the grey dawn, bound for a week's visit in the Blue Mountains. Round came the buggy at half-past six; a true Jamaican pony, lean and wiry, in the shafts. As typical a native groom sprang up behind. "Ahlbert" seemed inky-black to my ignorant eyes; but the youth was proud of calling himself "a yellow boy." Black, brown, yellow—these shades distinguish ladies and gentlemen on colour. The difference was always held to be so strong that "Brown lady, black woman," became a proverbial expression.

At this early hour the air was as delicious, the meadows and grass-edged lanes as dewy and green as any in England, as we sped towards Gordon Town between hedges of logwood, and by negro hamlets of reed-thatched huts, embowered in luxuriant bananas, or with a burning bush of poinsettia flaming higher than the tiny cabin it sheltered. Groups of strong, straight, black nymphs strode past us, with splendid carriage, bearing heavy baskets of fruit or guinea-grass on their heads as easily as they often do a glass of water. Their dress, if scanty, was picturesque; merely a red turban, a white shift and a pink cotton skirt, kilted to the knee, when walking, by a cord knotted round the hips.

As we drew nearer the mountains bounding our flat plain, the vegetation became less homelike. Rows of straight cactus fenced the road, like strangely elongated soldiers on parade; or else came low penguin aloes, green whorls tipped with crimson.

Presently, our road entered a beautifully wooded valley, then sloped sharply into a gorge where the Hope river brawled in its rocky bed. For a year, and more, each Wednesday has seen a strange scene not far down-stream,

where negro pilgrims, fired by a religious mania called the Bedward craze, have flocked in thousands to be cured by a latterday prophet, naturally a negro also. This fanatic, one Bedward, announced that in a vision he had received divine command to heal all diseases at a certain spot of the Hope river.

Two officers of one of the West Indian regiments told me how, being curious to see the sight, a coloured sergeant led them by bypaths as near the holy spot as the crowd of devotees would allow. Hundreds of negroes were swarming on the banks, and the river was black with bathers immersed to their waists. After bathing, the latter drank in the stream—a repulsive idea, as almost all were suffering, and some from loathsome diseases. Others carried away cans and pitchers of the water on their heads. Meanwhile the prophet was standing on the bank, gazing steadfastly at the sun. He boasted the power of doing this; and certainly, for as long as my friends watched him, his eyes seemed fixed. But presently the crowd closed in on the white men with displeased looks, and angry mutterings of, "What buckra doing here?" So, not to give more offence, the sceptics rode away, walking their ponies quietly till they had passed the last stragglers of the seekers after health.

How the mind reverts to other waters, different scenes in the world where like cures have been, and still are being enacted! But the negro temperament has ever been given to periods of religious excitement, breaking out during this century already more dangerously in Christian revivals, and later the savage Myal craze—a rival to Obeah magic.

As each swift minute took us deeper into the heart of the hills, the opposite mountain side became a green sloping sea of tropical foliage—here leafy swells, there high palm-breakers. Beetling cliffs rose high over our heads, overgrown with forest giants, and in little coigns cottages were niched, each under the shade of its akee-tree, blushing with rosy fruit.

"Akee, mixed with salt fish, is a favourite dish of the country people here, that is, of the negroes," said my companion, one of the highest officials in this fair "Island of Springs." (It appears this was the meaning of the name Xaymaca, which Columbus found, that the Indians gave to their island. Like the cassava, if ill-cooked or over-ripe, the akee can be dangerously poisonous.

We soon came to Gordon Town, that most exquisite mountain village, its houses hidden among rocks near the rushing river, or screened by cliffs and gorgeous vegetation. Under a tamarind-



THE PILGRIMAGE TO THE HEALING WATERS

tree we presently saw a mule ready to carry our baggage; also our ponies, sent ahead at cockcrow, stood awaiting us. Unluckily the sky was ominously darkening, as if the rain would not wait.

Mounting in haste, we plunged into the mountain forest by a steeply ascending path, cut in zigzags along the face of the wooded bluffs. But before going fifty yards the rain met us like a moving wall of water.

Such rain! It drove in streams through the thick foliage—lashing, soaking, blinding. For an hour and more the whole world seemed a confusion of jungle and the deluge. Through the green blur of leaves and water one's smarting eyes only discerned the narrow path, up which we cantered everlastingly, always on the verge of an air-world, vaporous with mists, into which, if our steeds stumbled, or there chanced an earth-slip of the crumbling track, we should be inevitably hurled. Luckily our horses knew every sharp turn of the many-cornered path, and were well aware of the dangers of the "khud." Only a few days ago mine had slipped over the cliff side, sliding and rolling down some thirty feet until stopped by trees.

At last, emerging on more open heights, one perceived intensely green depths around, seemingly filled with rain, warm steam, and tree-tops. These mist-valleys formed rifts between a hundred hill-crests which rose in a crowd on every hand, their heads grassy bare to the sky and drifting clouds, their shoulders thick-mantled in glorious foliage. Just in front, beyond a deserted coffee plantation and barbecue, or drying-ground for berries, appeared a small smiling, white house perched on a steep-hill summit. This was our destination in the lone up-land world.

Kind hosts were awaiting their drenched guests, with a change of dry clothes laid out, besides breakfast to follow, both of which hospitalities lessened the danger of chills and fevers, after mounting 4,000 feet from the hot plains into these cool heights. In days not so long past, folk at home used to suppose Jamaica a hot-bed of yellow fever. As a matter of fact, its authorities declare that in the whole history

of the island there never was a real epidemic of "Yellow Jack," although he visited the white troops severely in 1842. Speaking of the low fever, which must be guarded against to the usual extent in a warm climate, I heard of a curious Jamaican remedy, called a bush-bed. This is a large bag filled with certain pounded leaves and sliced limes. The patient is left all night on this cool couch, with perhaps poultices of cinnamon moistened with brandy, tied on the wrists. By morning the moisture of the bag will be dried up, and the sufferer relieved wonderfully. So, at least, one lady assured me, who had tried the experiment.

Towards evening the rain torrents ceased, the clouds rolled away in magnificent masses, and in the garden, whence the ground sloped steeply down on all sides, one's eyes feasted on the brilliant colours of a widespread bird's-eye view.

Yonder, beyond the plain, lies Kingston, its bay a blue sapphire, edged with a snowy surf-line; and further still, Port Royal, a mere handful of houses marking the site of the engulfed city of blood and plundered gold, home of the famous buccaneers. Then that far-away green streak of savannah is near Spanish Town, where English governors under the Georges dwelt in state. That was when Jamaica waxed fat with wealth of rich sugar plantations, spices, and slaves, all which glory has passed, like "Nineveh or Tyre!"

That night, and many more, we sat by a fire of cedar branches crackling on the hearth, and talked of the romantic and often terrible or pitiful incidents in the history of this dream-island of loveliness.

One quoted history, to begin with, telling of the gentle Indians whom Columbus found here. They rowed out to greet him in great canoes, some of which measured ninety-four feet, being hollowed from a ceiba, or cotton-tree, merely by means of fire and stone implements. On land they were fond of dancing and playing ball; at sea their manner of sport in fishing was strange, for they used the remora, or sucking-fish, as if it were a hound trained to the chase. Their mode of doing this was as follows: The fishermen would paddle



COFFEE PLANTATION

out into the bay, having their hunting-fish fastened to the canoe, with a long line in reserve of many fathoms. The instant the remora saw a likely fish it darted after its prey, when the Indian in charge let go the line, that had a buoy at the end. This, remaining on the sea, marked where the finny finish was taking place below in the intensely clear water, in which one can see the coral reefs far down. Then the fishermen, following, seized and hauled up the line, when the remora would be found grasping its victim tenaciously.

Under the Spanish rule these Indians either died out or were exterminated, for not a trace of them has remained.

Next, another speaker told tales of the Maroons, who were long a terror to the early English colonists. Their history dates from the time when Cromwell resolved on capturing the Spanish West Indies, and Penn and Venables, grossly mismanaging this task, made an ill-footing on the island. Many of the Spanish settlers, retreating to the north side of Jamaica, freed their slaves. These instantly took refuge in the thickly-wooded mountains, and, exulting in their liberty, soon became a warlike race of fierce savages, haunting rocky fastnesses that might have been thought inaccessible to man.

"Yes, and for many years their num-

bers were constantly swelled by run-away slaves of English masters," added another of our party. Dark stories followed of the terrible negro risings of old, when the fetish oath was taken at dead of night, under a sacred cotton-tree, the vow pledged in a cup of rum and blood. Then the whites were murdered on their estates, even to the women and babes at the breast, the houses and cane-fields fired; but always swift vengeance vanquished the rebels. They were invariably subdued, most recaptured, and many put to death in horrible reprisals. In one or two cases some were roasted by slow fire, while two men were starved in cages exposed to public view on Kingston Parade, one living for seven, the other for nine days. But, on the other hand, there were comforting tales of timely warning having been given by faithful slaves to kindly owners, and plots averted. In one instance a black nurse prayed the conspirators that the life of her white foster-babe might be spared, and when this was refused, she betrayed her countrymen rather than her trust.

But what wonder there were risings! What wonder the slaves longed to make a rush for liberty and the woods, when one thinks of the horrid use of the cattle-whip which might be made, unchecked, by cruel overseers! Worse

still, the slave code gave the owner almost unlimited power over his "chattels." It was lawful to inflict lashes on women once a week for a year; to brand the cheeks; split noses; cut off the ears. And, even still more diabolical, two English planters, sitting as judges in a slave court, might put to death by hanging, by burning, by dismemberment!

"I saw an old letter lately, written by a planter, one of whose slaves was caught escaping. It said, "Cut Cuffee's leg off; he won't run away again." This was indignantly told by one of our party, a descendant of the well-known "Monk" Lewis.

The latter, having undertaken the voyage from England to see his sugar estates for himself, was shocked by the slaves' sufferings. Their day began with the overseer's horn and whip-crack at dawn, as three gangs filed out to field-work—men; women; the sickly ones, and children. This lifelong toil was only ended by death, or successful flight. Lewis's humane conduct roused the ire of the old planters, who received the news of his decease whilst sailing home with such joy that the rumour arose some of them had caused his sudden illness by poison. The dying man had wished his body to be buried in Jamaica; but this the captain held impossible, as the ship was then several days' sail on her homeward journey. The corpse was, therefore, committed to the deep, when, it is said, a strange thing occurred. Borne by some current, and insufficiently weighted, it floated back, and after some days was landed on the island whither his dying thoughts had turned.

For many years the Maroons harassed the low-lying estates, while the planters replied with constant, hazardous hill-fighting. The foe was invisible, but rolled down rocks and planned ambushes, subsisting meanwhile easily on wild fruits, roots, and withes (*vinus Indica*) that hung from the branches of the forest trees, and which, when cut, emitted a stream of pure water.

The Maroons would, perhaps, have remained unconquered till our own days, had not some planters conceived the idea of a terrible resource. This

was the importation of a hundred Cuban bloodhounds and their keepers, used to tracking down fugitives. At the deep baying of these unerring pursuers even the courage of the fierce Maroons quailed, and they formally surrendered on the promise of an English general that their lives should be spared. This engagement was dishonourably broken by the Jamaican Assembly, which exiled them to the cold shores of Nova Scotia, where many perished. The remainder were, however, in time transported to Sierra Leone. So they regained the homes whence their ancestors had been cruelly torn by slave-hunters, the heaven to which all dying negroes in Jamaica have hoped to go—Africa—where, it is to be hoped, they "lived happy ever after." Some few hundreds of Maroons, who had kept the peace, were nevertheless, allowed to remain in Jamaica, where they became faithful allies of the British Government.

Next morning, in the dewy freshness of the hill-garden, commanding all four sides of the horizon, I looked with greater interest at the innumerable hills that crowded around, crinkled and dimpled, recalling the description which Columbus gave Queen Isabella of the island, "Jamaica is like a crumpled parchment." But this lends but a faint idea of the outline of the Blue Mountains. In colouring they are beautiful as a poet's dream. Hill-crests emerging from clouds surround one in alternate layers of mist-veils and grassy ridges dotted with spicy shrubs. Close at hand roses and balsams are blowing beside the squat discs of sago palms, of which the bulbous stems look at a distance like the heads of giant Indian chiefs rising in resurrection from the ground, and wearing their war-plumes.

Here are tall, crimson dracænas, azaleas of all shades, and white spider-lilies that have sprung up and blossomed apparently in the night. Humming-birds hover around bushes of blue tube-like flower, and Jamaican iris edge the paths, their bright crimson petals surrounding white and yellow hearts spotted with red. A hammock is slung among glossy-green coffee bushes, above which a tree-fern is unrolling its curled, furry clusters of leaf-buds. Everywhere

the eyes feast upon glowing red or white poinsettias, on hybiscus of all shades, crimson, pink, or ruby ; besides—loveliest of all—a plant nameless to our ignorant minds, with leaves of soft plush, in hue a rich Tyrian purple shot with emerald green. In the tangled back-ground of taller shrubs old friends grow in luxuriance, orange-trees golden with fruit, and splendid lemons ; while of native trees star-apples spread wide branches already bare of fruit, while

Englishwoman, her golden hair has yet kinks and a certain woolliness in texture that betray a darker strain.

This faithful and devout quadron rather reluctantly allowed herself to be persuaded to tell a little concerning the dreaded Spirit of the Blue Mountains, called "the Rolling Calf." Plainly she knew, and probably believed, much more about the local hobgoblin, but feared the profane listener might smile. So, in deprecating tones, she admitted :



PLANTAINS, JAMAICA

rose-apples are also well-nigh all gathered.

The least, but most delightful person of our hill-party, has been diligently searching a passion-flower hedge for its purple fruit, and now trots forward to offer a "pitty sweetcup," which in taste resembles its yellow cousin, the grana-dilla.

The nurse of this three-year-old fairy is an interesting individual, about whose ancestry one might weave romances. In face fine-featured, and fair as any

"There is a good deal of superstition about ; but they say this one is a duppy. It is a caat (cat), but if it do want to frighten any one it grows up and up, till it is like a *caaf*, or as big as a cow ! And that is why it is called, 'Rollin' Caaf.' At night the hill-people staay at home for fear of it ; but if they must go out they like to keep by any *buckra* (white man) for company."

This last I already knew, for an acquaintance of mine, riding among the hill-paths with a guide, was suddenly

deserted by the latter on nearing one of the haunts of the Calf, and with much difficulty found the way to his destination through the forest-gloom. But Jamaica is a happy hunting-ground for ghosts, or duppies. Little wonder, when every dead negro is supposed to enjoy returning periodically to his family, just to frighten or tease them, or inspect what they are all about, without the least regard to their great alarm and discomfort. In an old account of the days of slavery, I have read that the usual custom after a burial was to pretend to catch the spirit of the departed, which was then put in a small box and covered up snugly beside the coffin. Also food and drink were placed inside the latter, to support the dead in the last journey over the blue water to Africa. Naturally, if negroes now-a-days are too careless or too civilised to take these simple precautions for the proper housing and welfare of their volatile relatives after death, who then seem to become as irresponsible as infants, they must expect to suffer.

What do we do in the Blue Mountains? To begin with, early hours are the rule. Tea is brought to the various bedrooms by half-past six at latest, when one rises, if disposed, for an early stroll. After the breakfast, like an English one, the morning hours are used for work or reading, the breeze entering through the green jalousies of the verandah, which is often rather an enclosed corridor outside the dwelling-rooms than a piazza. Siesta follows lunch, and lazy people wake for tea, and that most toothsome Jamaican dainty, hot cassava cakes. These are toasted and buttered wafers, tasting as if made of slightly granular flour with a peculiar crispness; and all Jamaican people are passionately fond of them.

An afternoon walk may now be taken in the increasing coolness to some neighbours' houses, perhaps a mile or two distant. These hill residences are all either perched on grassy peaks, or knolls embowered in jungle, while some Norfolk pines stand out in sharp contrast to the more tropical foliage, besides queer screw-pines like giant distorted pine-apples. To reach these white wooden houses with their slate roofs, one dives

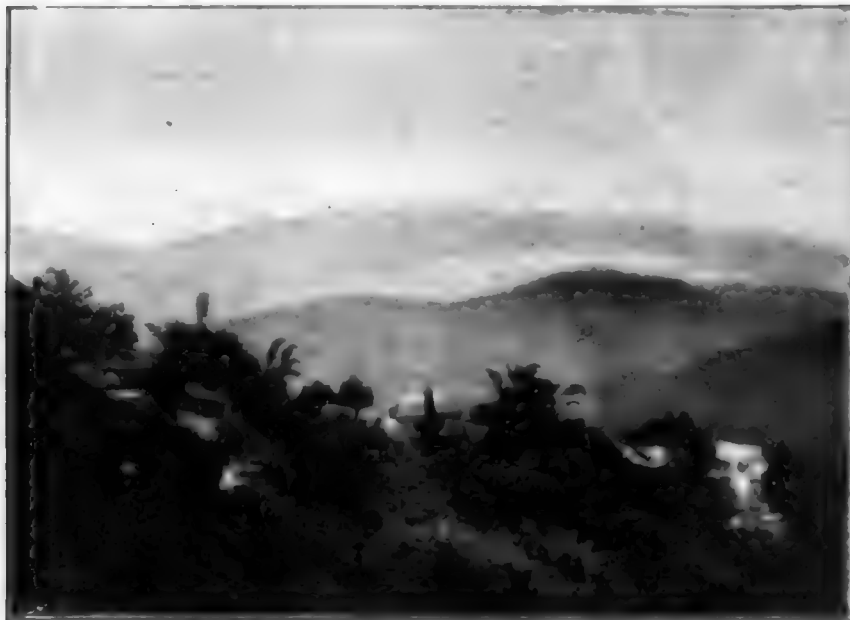
into hollows, dark-green with coffee bushes, or climbs heights of paler lemon or banana groves, while everywhere are brakes of feathery bamboo. Below the path the steep "khud," as the precipice is called, here as in India, is a sheet of luxuriant tangle; above, the high cliffs are clothed with all kinds of forest trees, which yield most beautiful and different woods, and they are fringed with gold and silver ferns, air-plants, and flowers like pinkish lace. Far below our feet clouds are floating over the valleys, in bluish smoke-wreaths, and the green and grey are so weirdly blended that all the expanse becomes a strange new world, like an enchanted dissolving view.

Returning from a pleasant visit, paid with the informality of the hills, we take a goodnight look at the tumbled sea of hill-crests inland, then seawards see the lights of Kingstown already twinkling. It is late, and swiftly the sky darkens, at which warning we hasten up the steep reddish-soiled paths, lest we be benighted. But before regaining home the fire-flies are shining, and the bats, called *pat-hooks* by the negroes, are swooping around.

When the day dawned, we must bid a reluctant farewell to the pleasant eyrie, where cool airs and cold nights are so wonderfully refreshing. We started to ride downhill towards seven o'clock. The morning was exquisite, fresh-washed by a shower, which still glistened on all the branches of bread-fruit and mango trees that overhung our winding paths, casting a shadow which soon became



NEWCASTLE



VIEW FROM NEWCASTLE

gratefully refreshing. The mango trees were so numerous, and often huge, that it was surprising to think they were only introduced one hundred years ago; certainly wherever a mango stone has fallen, there it seems to have sprouted. But what of the many beautiful hardwoods of Jamaica—ebony, mahogany, and all the others which are shown in the Kingstown Museum? Looking round, none of these were to be seen near our paths, or by the picturesque thatched cabins.

Ah! the pity of it is that, in this black man's paradise, the merry, lazy country people are so thriftless. Quashey sees thousands of woodland acres lying free on the hillside, so he sneaks up thither, with wife and children, gleeful to escape the lowland rent of a pound an acre. Then, eager to start his helpmate or daughters at cultivating a patch of sugarcane or bananas, he will fire the forest, and sacrifice two hundred acres to clear two. These dark folk have much to learn; industry, the skill of eye and hand, for as artificers they are lamentably deficient; also foresight, for they look no further ahead than the sunny Jamaican day. But politeness comes as naturally to them as to the inhabitants of most lands where dame Nature is lavish in gifts to her children, where life is a holiday, and the climate a daily joy.

See the frequent groups climbing the hill - tracks; mothers, girls and children, all bearing great baskets or square water-tins, easily balanced on their heads. Even to the "pickneys," all greet the stranger with a bright, "Good evenin' Sah," or, "Missis." (It is usual to be quite indifferent as to the time of day, and as yet we have not breakfasted.)

Downhill let us hasten, for the day, though the first of October, is growing very warm, and we are still bound to climb up from Gordon Town by an opposite road to Newcastle, the camp of the white troops. Neat, white-washed and healthy, but deadly dull, in the opinion of poor Tommy Atkins, it lies far up yonder among the clouds. The road thither is shaded by semi-tropical trees, the banks fringed with flowers and rare ferns, through which brawling brooks or silver cascades come leaping down, to fling themselves into the boulder-strewn bed of a mountain torrent foaming in the deep gorge below. Above, the path emerges on an open sweep of mountain, overgrown with blackberries and honeysuckle, as with ginger shrubs bearing aromatic white blossoms, and mingling with the rugged spikes and homely fragrance of our English gorse. A breezy, pleasant upland, were it not too often covered with fogs, or drenched with rain-squalls.

All self-respecting travellers like ourselves, journey up to Newcastle to see its famous Fern-tree Walk. So onwards our ponies pace, while their riders feast on the almost too vivid verdure that is occasionally relieved by white jasmine stars, or a branch of yellow acacia, drooping from the banks, while bell-like violet thunbergias are twining among tree branches high overhead.

IN OCTOBER.

RED and russet and gold and bronze
Where Summer was once so green,
Earlier dusks and lazier dawns
With chillier nights between—
For the winds to the late leaves coldly speak,
And I hear the doors of the winter creak.

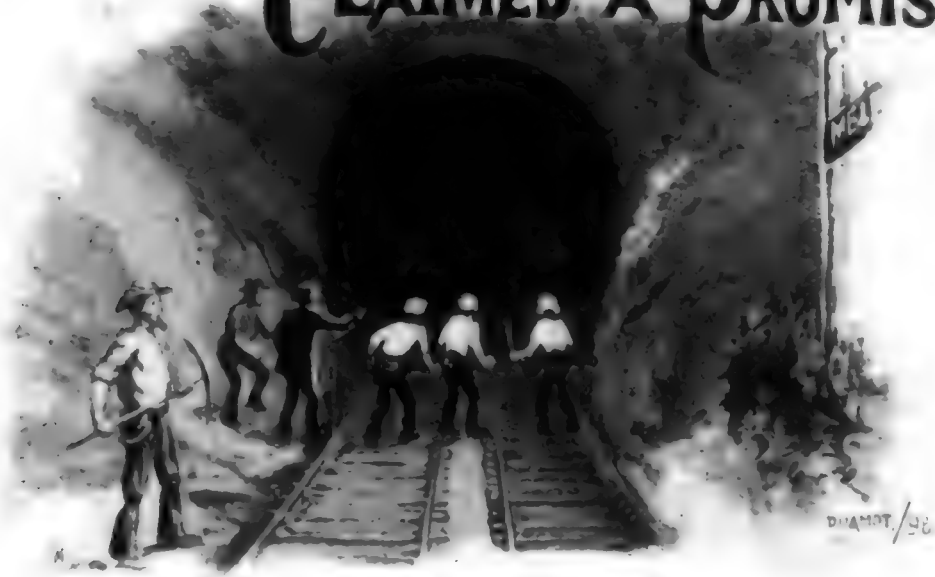
The great White King but bides his time :
Even now we can feel his breath ;
Even now in the morning's first frail rime
There shines a beautiful death.
And now, O Love, we must take the road
That leads to town and its prim abode.

Was ever a song so sweetly sung
As the last we heard in the glen,
When the robin sang : " You are young, you are young !
"And Summer shall blossom again !"
O Love, it is well when the heart is bold,
When hope keeps new tho' the year grows old.

Early and late, early and late,
My heart is singing of you,
As the redbreast sang at the winter's gate
The joy that he felt was true.
For I need but look in your eyes of grey
To make the season as merry as May !

J. J. BELL.

THE CONVICT WHO. CLAIMED A PROMISE



A RAILWAY TALE

WRITTEN BY GEORGE HAW.

ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT

AS the store van came steaming to the Tunnel station, Luke Milne, who was driving, cried out, "What's up now?" and closed his regulator sharply, and screwed down the hand-brake. The signal was against him.

The engine with the two vans came to a stand by the platform side. It became more evident that this was unusual by the wondering look in the driver's face as he stepped from the foot-plate to the station platform. For the store van—as they always called the small train that carried the weekly stores to the outlying cabins and stations—was not expected to stop at Melby at all.

The driver soon learnt the reason. From out the station-house came the station-master and a police officer. "Milne," cried the railway functionary, "you've got to take this van to Lingford.

It's on your way, and yours is the first train up since they caught him."

Then for the first time the driver noticed at the dead-end of the station a solitary van. He thought he saw the helmet of a constable within.

No need now for the station-master to whisper: "They've got him at last!" The driver knew it all in an instant.

A convict had escaped a month ago, and been discovered two or three hundred miles away riding under a carriage of one of the North-going expresses. The wheel-tapper, who espied him, passed along as though he had seen nothing, but at the end of the train he hurriedly called assistance, and half-a-dozen men hastened back to find the convict gone.

"I'll swear before heaven," the wheel-tapper said, "I saw him with my eyes"—nobody had suggested that he must have been looking with his boots. "It was

the very man, in the very clothes, all the newspapers have been describing. He must have noticed that I saw him, and then escaped."

They searched underneath the train its full length, while others, under the pretence of examining the tickets, so as not to alarm the passengers, made sure that the hunted man had in no manner of guise entered any of the compartments.

The train went away a quarter of an hour late, and the wheel-tapper took himself to the engine shed at the end of the station to tell all he had seen, and much that he had not seen, to the engine men and cleaners. The driver and fireman of an engine that had just come out of the shed, standing with steam up ready for duty, left their work of overhauling her for a moment to hear the man's narrative within.

When they came out again their engine was nowhere to be seen.

They ran hither and thither, asked of this man and that man, finally racing up the line to the signal cabin to make inquiries there.

"Why, of course," the signalman cried, amazed to see them, "I let your engine out on to the main line a few minutes after the express passed. You don't mean to tell me there was nobody on her!"

The two engine men gazed one at the other. They read each other's fears in each other's eyes. The convict!

Bad enough though it was they must speak out to prevent bad becoming worse. "Signalman, wire you to the next cabin, and get that engine stopped at all costs!"

But the message that came back was terrible. "Yes," wired the man from the cabin two miles ahead, "a light engine has just gone by at full speed with the signals against her."

"My God!" the driver cried. "It's all up."

Soon it was known widely that the convict had gone off with an engine. Messages were flashed from cabin to cabin until they got ahead of the runaway; but even that was of no avail. Always word came back that the stolen engine was pressing the express train too close to be stopped. To pull up the express itself they dare not, lest the

engine, rushing in the rear, should go crashing into it with fatal havoc.

They got the message miles ahead of the express at last in the hope that the pursuing engine might be switched into a siding or on to another line, but it was a great distance off before a signalman found a safe opportunity.

Swifter than the wind the express came sweeping past his cabin. Less than a mile, less than a minute behind it, the stolen engine was speeding equally fast.

The express went ahead on the main line, all unconscious of her pursuer. The other followed but a short while longer and then swerved off on to a cross track, and disappeared out of sight at a quickening speed.

At once the signalman wired to the first cabin on the branch line to look out for the speeding engine. He waited and waited, rang again, and then got back the message, "No engine passed as yet."

The pointsman guessed the reason. Finding himself switched off the main line the convict must have known he was found out, and so stopped the engine and taken to his feet.

Anyhow, they found the locomotive an hour later at a standstill by a cluster of trees. The closed regulator was sufficient proof she had been stopped by human hands.

Never had the railroads of those parts known such an incident. In cabins, stations, sheds, and engine cabs it was talked about from the going on in the morning to the leaving off at night. But there came a sequel to it all ere long, which was often told without the earlier incident, so completely did the sequel overshadow it.

Though they searched the countryside far and near, nothing was seen or heard of the convict for several days. Then a passenger train came in one afternoon with the news that the missing man had been seen prowling around some waggons in a siding. A search made one fact clear; some provisions in the waggons had been disturbed in a search for food.

The line thereabouts was watched and guarded day and night; baits were set; waggons and vans containing provisions

were left in lonely sidings. And thus it was the convict came to be trapped at Melby.

"We want to get him to the county town and into prison quietly," the police officer had told the station-master; and that was why they stopped the store van and called Luke Milne to lend a hand.

The convict had been manacled and placed in a van, a constable by his side.

"No one will suspect anything," the station-master told Luke Milne, "when they see you have an extra van attached. They'll think the stores are heavy this week, that's all."

So the engine backed down to the other van, and took it in tow.

The police official had stepped within to join his brother officer by the prisoner's side. They entered the long tunnel and began tearing through it with a sound as though rocks were raining overhead.

Coming to the light again, the roar of the tunnel growing less, the driver and his mate gradually became conscious of another sound. Voices were crying, "Stop, driver, stop! You driver there, stop!"

The two police officers were hanging out of the window, waving their hands excitedly. So soon as ever the short train was pulled up, they leaped to the line and came running forward.

"He's escaped," they cried together; "escaped! He sprang up suddenly in the middle of the tunnel and felled us both with his fists. Somehow he'd got his handcuffs loosed. Before we could recover from his blows he'd got the door open, and had sprung out. Let's

get back at once with lamps, and have the tunnel searched. Quick, driver, get back again. He shan't, he can't escape!"

Said the driver, leaning out of the cab: "Better get the signalman at this end to wire back to the station. He can't have got out yet, and they'd better watch the tunnel at the other end."

They went back through the tunnel, nearly a mile in length, very slowly. Lights were hung outside the leading van, and the two police officers, each carrying a lantern, walked

on opposite sides of the tunnel. All the way

back on the long slow journey, the

van lights and

the lanterns radiated the tunnel

far ahead, but

no figure was

seen, not even

the shadow

of a figure.

As they approached the

light at the

other end, it

was with a

vague hope

that the man

they sought had

been arrested at

the station on

emerging from the

darkness.

The mouth of the

tunnel was lined by

men armed with picks

and shovels—how savagely

man can hunt his fellow-

man—for the station-

master had called up a

gang of plate-layers, the instant he got

the message from the cabin.

Had they seen him?

No. They could swear that neither

man nor beast had come out of the

tunnel for a quarter of an hour.

There was nothing for it but to

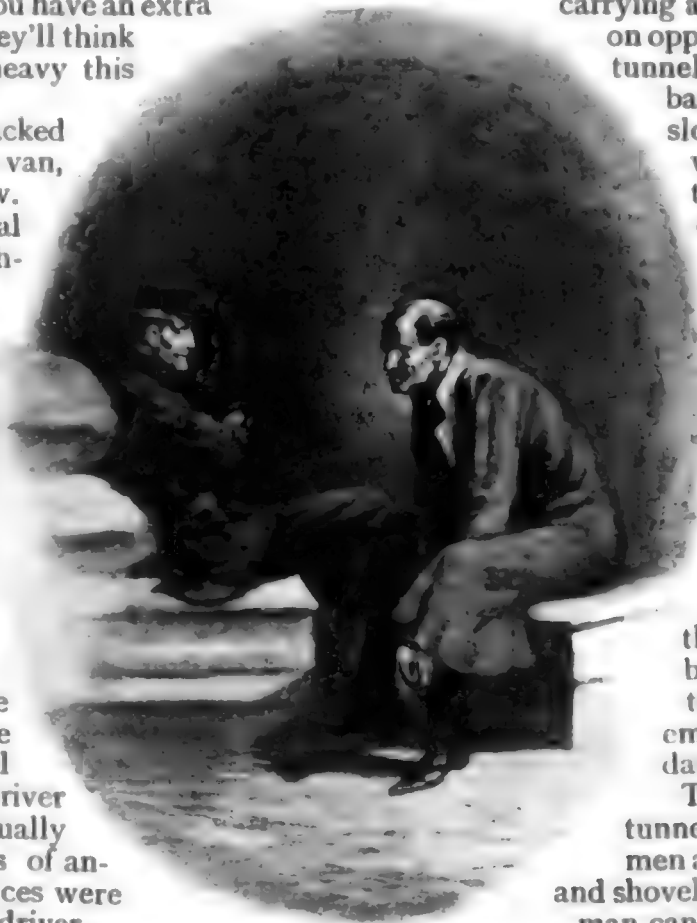
return and search again. The officer

told some of the men to remain at the

mouth of the tunnel. He took two

or three plate-layers with him, and

they all sat on the footboard of the



"THE CONVICT HAD BEEN MANACLED"

van, and were carried to the other end in five minutes.

The man in the signal cabin was quite emphatic that no one had come out at his end of the tunnel. He had watched from his windows all the time. He told the officer he must pass a train through that was nearly due.

"No train must enter the tunnel until he's captured," was the officer's order. "He's in that tunnel somewhere, hiding in some of the niches, probably, and we must search till we find him. You men there"—turning to the plate-layers—"guard the tunnel here, and we'll go in again and drive him out at one end or the other like a rat."

The signalman shook his head. "Very sorry," he said firmly, "but I don't take my orders from you. I must work my trains and do my duty as well as you. I'll pull the train up here, just to tell the driver what's happened, so that he'll go through the tunnel cautiously; but keep the train back I can't for any man."

"Well, I'm not going to waste time talking to you," returned the officer, in a passion. "Here, you driver there, come back into the tunnel again, slowly, while I and my officer search every corner."

"No, thank you," said Luke, "I've lost enough time over this job already. You've got the tunnel guarded at both ends now, so it's little more we can do. We've got to get to Daneport to-night."

"Then who's to take the convict when we catch him?" the officer demanded.

"I'll leave you the van, of course," answered the driver. "You'd better catch the convict before you begin to bother about another engine, and having got him, keep a closer watch on him than you did before."

The officer cursed railway men all round for their confounded independence, declaring that he would quickly teach them a thing or two if he only had them in the Force. He then ventured into the tunnel with his man alone.

The store van got to Daneport with the twilight. As this was always counted a two days' trip, the men were allowed lodging expenses here; but Luke Milne, having a large family and

a strong constitution, always saved the money and slept in the van.

That night, having set his engine by in the shed and left the two vans in the goods yard, he joined the fireman and guard in a stroll round the quaint old town. The harbour is formed by the mouth of the river, and completed by two breakwaters which run out into the sea at opposite angles, seemingly for the purpose of holding aloft two lighthouses. From the harbour bridge these look like two gigantic candlesticks, lighting the sea-way into the town.

The railway men walked the length of the longer breakwater. The end is rounded off with turrets, and you can walk between the furthestmost wall and the lighthouse. In one of these, with his back towards them, a man was sitting, in a long cloak, looking out over the dark sea. All the time the railway men loitered near, he never turned his face, though they talked and laughed loudly, hoping he might heed them. They gave him up at last, and passed round the other side of the lighthouse to return. A few dozen steps only, yet when they got round they saw the strange figure in the long cloak hurrying away towards the town with unseemly speed. Under one of the breakwater lights he turned to look back, though he never stayed his pace. The light fell full upon him, and Luke Milne cried out,

"The convict!"

The others scouted the idea. The tunnel was thirty miles off, and if he could tell them how the convict had covered that distance in the time they would believe it.

"Well, it does seem impossible," admitted the driver, "but say what you will, yon man was uncommonly like him."

They forgot the affair back in the town again. Luke bade the others "Good-night," and sought out his sleeping place in the railway van. He passed a few words with the gatekeeper in his cabin, and got the loan of a lantern. As he walked through the deserted goods yard he thought again of the figure in the cloak.

Was it fancy or reality that the moment his mind dwelt on the creature

he thought he saw the same passing on in front? Mistaken he could not be; there, sure enough, was a figure in a long dark cloak going on before. He stopped and squeezed his eyes as though to clear them, then raised his lamp aloft.

What a fool he must be to-night; there was no one to be seen.

The two vans stood linked together. He climbed into the one where the remainder of the stores were, and made for himself a rough shakedown. He had no great desire for sleep just then, so he stood at the window for some time, looking out upon the harbour water reflecting many lights. As he brought his eyes back to the goods yard around him, noting empty waggons, laden trucks, and occasional vans, he thought he saw again the figure in the cloak.

Again he called himself a fool, and, still looking out of the window, rated himself soundly for his weakness. It must be because he was tired, he told himself, so he would get to sleep. Turning from the window, he went cold from head to foot. The figure in the cloak was looking at him from the window opposite. As the engineman stared, half in terror, half in daring, the head disappeared.

Lamp in hand, he rushed to the door. No one was in sight. All round the van he looked, and under it, ending up as before by calling himself a fool.

He clambered inside again. Just as he was about to stretch himself upon his shakedown he espied something upon the floor. He picked it up. It



"HE NEVER TURNED HIS FACE"

was the photograph of a woman, young and fair.

"What next?" he muttered. "But she's a handsome lass, whoever she is," he added, holding the miniature at arm's length.

The driver got to sleep at last. The next thing he knew was being awakened by a vigorous shake. He opened his eyes. Engine-driver though he was, he got the severest shock he had ever had in his life. Bending over him was the figure in the cloak. He was sure this time it was the convict. He made to

spring to his feet, but found his arms and legs tightly pinioned.

"You needn't be afraid," the convict said.

It was reassuring to hear a voice ; and this was not the voice of a desperate man.

"What's all this about?" demanded the engine-driver angrily, straining at his toils.

"As soon as you are quiet, I'll tell you," the other answered. He sat down, resting his elbow on his knee, and his chin in his hand, and calmly awaited the driver's pleasure.

The engine-driver stopped writhing.

"What have you done this for?"

"I fastened you while you slept," the convict said, surveying the driver without changing his posture, "in order to prevent a scene. You might have attacked me. Not that I'm afraid, my friend. I'm in the mood to-night to deal with half-a-dozen men, and then be confident of victory. Listen first to what I've got to say, and then I'll set you free. I see you know me."

The engine-driver's look showed clearly that he knew him ; also that he was wondering how the man got there.

"Our friend the police-officer," said the convict, "never thought of looking in this van for his escaped bird. I heard you searching for me in the tunnel, and I laughed and enjoyed it all. When I struck those fellows in the van, they thought I had leaped from the train, but I hadn't planned out the escape without foreseeing the danger, and the almost certainty of arrest again before I could get out of the tunnel. No ; I have had to make too many plans since I first got away not to have learnt the utmost caution. I stepped on to the footboard, banged the door right in the faces of my pursuers, and had clambered over the buffers to the other side of the van before they had got their heads out of the window. While they were looking out and shouting for you to stop, I walked quietly along the footboards on the other side and got in here among the stores. When you left the police-officer and came on, I waited until you reached the next tunnel, and there came out and went underneath, for I knew you would be dropping the stores all the way along."

The man spoke without either fierceness or fear. Rather was his voice plaintive and his face resigned.

"Why I escaped at all you shall know, for I want you to carry out my last desire. I saw you pick up a photograph as I watched you through the window. I was not aware I had dropped it here. The first thing I did while you slept was to take it from you. Look at it again. The woman you see is the woman who made me a convict."

The engine-driver lay quite quiet now. His early fears of the man left him entirely.

"This is my native town," the convict went on, "and it was here I wooed the sweetest girl the town has ever known. I was not her only lover. Many others sought her. Though she was only a working girl, she had offers from all kinds of men. But it was I she favoured, and we became engaged.

"Never—no, never, never shall I forget the joy of our courting days. My life before I met her had been a hard one, with little pleasure, but she turned it into paradise. The sun shone in the morning with greater brightness, and I had never noticed before how beautiful it was at its setting. Each day brought new joys to my life. We worked together in the paper mills, and I used to see her every day. You can never know how that girl's presence in the mill influenced me for good. It made me work better, and made me hold my fellows in higher regard. She was so beautiful ; you can see that yourself, can't you?"

The pinioned man, lying on the floor, nodded, as the convict held her likeness before his eyes.

"One morning she didn't come. I don't know why, but a strange fear came over me. Her behaviour had been somewhat strange lately, though I had passed it off without a second thought. The others in the mill saw my anxiety, and chaffed me, and the girls hinted at things which, had they been men, I should have knocked them down for uttering. I thought it was their jealousy, but, oh, my God ! I learnt the very next day how true it all was. I had loved her so well that I had not noticed what had become common talk among them for weeks past.

"The son of the wealthy mill-owner, fresh from college, had recently entered the business. The girl attracted him straightway. He soon turned her head by his flattery, and having money of his own, he had persuaded her to run away with him.

"They told the truth to me in the mill the following day. I was like one out of his senses. I screamed out that, as he had ruined me, I would ruin him, and, seizing a crowbar, I smashed the machines right and left. The men and women in the mill fled in terror, thinking I had suddenly gone mad. The clerks in the counting-house came up, headed by the employer—his father. The sight of him infuriated me more. Crowbar aloft, I rushed at him, and before they could seize me, I had struck him to the ground.

"It took the lot of them to hold me till the police arrived, and I was taken to prison. It came out in the evidence that the old gentleman would never be able to get out of his bed again. I was calm then, and full of regrets.

"They sentenced me for life. Seven years—seven long terrible years I endured—and never a day or night of them without that girl being uppermost in my mind. I had long come to admit that she was better off, that she was ever a lady, and that she would fill her position as wife to the other man in a becoming manner. I cursed the mad jealousy that had driven me to crime, and became contrite, and was well regarded by the chaplain.

"But something happened that aroused the old spirit again with tenfold fury, and allied to it was a wild desire for a desperate revenge. In the next cell to me was placed a man who had been convicted in London. Although we convicts are not allowed to speak to each other, there are ways, and by signs and rappings we quickly came to understand each other.

"I soon had his history and he soon had mine. It was he who set aflame the mad desire for revenge. From him I learnt that for half-a-dozen years she had been a well-known unfortunate in London. She had told him with her own lips the story of her downfall. The man whom I had never doubted

would marry her had cast her off after a few months, and she had gone with the tide.

"It was revenge that helped me to escape. It was revenge that drove me to the many desperate things I've done to get so far away. It was revenge that brought me here to seek out that villain and take his life."

The helpless engineman on the floor grew cold under the convict's frenzy. He shuddered and shrank away. The other noticed the movement.

"Ah, you needn't be afraid," the convict said, softening his voice. "The thing is done now. I did it this very night."

"What! Murdered him?" the terrified engineman exclaimed.

"Pushed him into the sea," said the convict. "Fate was with me. I stole this disguise in a cabin in the goods yard here, and once in the town at dusk I met my man coming over the harbour bridge. I passed him, and then turned round and followed at a distance. He made for the breakwater, evidently for an evening stroll. Beyond the lighthouse he stood looking out to sea. I stole up stealthily and sprang upon him. I felt strong enough to have dealt with half-a-dozen men like him. I held him down to the ground, my hands on his throat, my knees on his chest, and told him all. He whined for mercy, but I lifted him into my arms to hurl him into the sea. He struggled frantically and slipped out of my arms on to the wall. I pushed him over. Half-way down was a narrow stone ledge, and he grasped at this with his hands as he fell, and there he hung. He was too heavy a man to raise himself. I knew he must let go his hold before long; so I gloated over him above. If I had thought for a moment he could save himself, I would have flung myself bodily upon him, and dragged him to the bottom.

"As I taunted him from above, his eyes big with terror, that was my hour of triumph. I saw he was more afraid of the leaping waves than of losing his hold. The heavier waves sprang up at him as they struck the breakwater, and threw their showers of spray even into my face. Still I mocked him, and my voice above the hissing sea brought

added terrors to his face. The black wave came at last that leaped up and licked him off like the worm he was. I heard his shrieks above the surging foam and laughed aloud."

There was no mistaking the convict's triumph, his face glowed and his eyes were gleaming.

"Then you came, you and your mates. You came as I was thinking of hurling myself into the water as well, for I had nothing more to live for. I had been chuckling at the thought of the hundred pounds offered for my arrest, and I was wondering whether the poor devil of a fisherman who might find my body would see any part of the money. Suddenly a strange idea took possession of me and saved me from flinging myself into the waves, and when I heard you men talking and learnt that you were yourself to sleep in this van

to-night, I made up my mind to ask you to help me to carry my idea out. I know I'll be hung, for I intend to let all the world know what I have done, and why I did it."

Here the convict got up and took a knife from his pocket:

"Now," he said, cutting the cords that bound the engine-driver, "I set you free, and I give myself up to you, for I believe you to be an honest man; I give myself up to you so that you may get this hundred pounds. And why? Because I want you to give it to that girl in London, and maybe save her from the life she is leading."

The engineman rose, stretching himself. "No," he said with a resolute shake of the head, "I can't do a thing like that."

"Can't!" the convict repeated with a blend of fierceness and sarcasm.



"'PROMISE!' HE SHRIEKED"

"But I insist upon it! See here"—handing him the photograph—"this is the woman; you can't mistake her; and here is her address on the back. The girl has an uncle in Australia. Write to her and tell her you are her uncle's friend, and that he has sent you a hundred pounds for her, the condition being that she has to come to you for the money. Once having got her out of London, try to keep her out by advising her to start in business."

Still the driver shook his head resolutely.

Then the convict sprang upon him. He seemed to throw him down, to put his knees on his body and his hands to

his throat, all in the same instant. "If you don't promise," he hissed, "I'll kill you as well."

It was impossible to mistake his earnestness. Equally was it impossible to overmatch his strength.

"Promise," he cried, shaking the helpless man under him.

"You—you don't know what you ask," the other faltered.

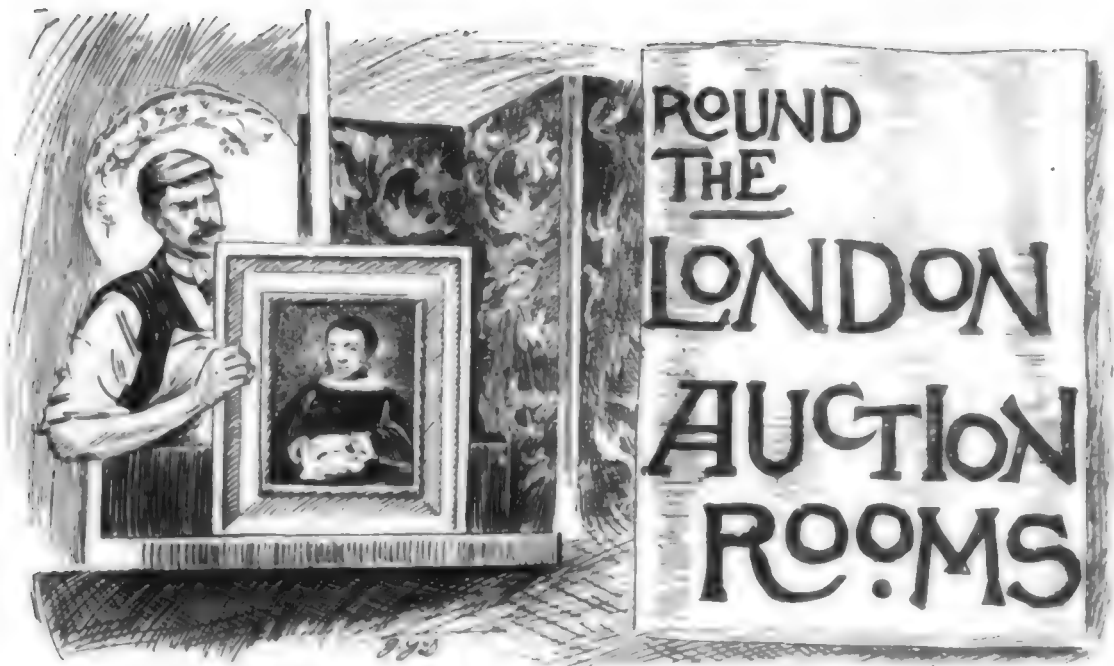
"Promise," in a louder voice and with a darker look. "Promise."

"But ——"

"Promise," he shrieked raising his fist above the other's face.

Yielding at last, with a sincere look, the driver said: "I promise."





WRITTEN BY LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. Y. DEAN

“**L**OT fifty-seven: Massive, carved, ebonised, centre table, ormolu bead bordered, with cabriole legs—Two guineas! two-ten! two-fifteen! A-n-y advance on two-fifteen? Three pounds: thank you, sir! Three pounds—guineas! Going at three guineas—for the last time at three guineas”—and the hammer falls. Though the highly desirable table with the cabriole legs is not necessarily sold. The auctioneer may have knocked it down to himself or to the owner, and it may figure again and again in sales to come.

The range of the auction room is as wide as human invention. Look at the domestic equipment which has become necessary even to the man of limited means. The property of the millionaire has this in common with the household gods of the meanest citizen, that both come to the hammer sooner or later. Change of taste or change of residence, debt, or death—the auctioneer's best

friend—the old masters of the one and the villa furnishings of the other pass through the same ordeal.

The proportion of the public that attends the sales is very small. The regular visitors do not exceed a few hundreds and the number of casual callers is quite inconsiderable. The Young Couple are conspicuous as *bonâ fide* buyers. In the least reputable rooms they are the special quarry of the touting broker.

There are firms which date back farther than Christie's, but none so distinguished for their connection with the fine arts. The most celebrated connoisseurs have foregathered at King Street, St. James's, from 1766 right down to the present day, though Christie's were not always so exclusive as now. They evidently had a connection in the hay and corn trade at the end of last century, for at that time I find them selling loads of “excellent meadow hay” for the Duke of Queensberry. “Old Q.” was perhaps a favoured client,

and Christie had an eye to future transactions. But he must already have had a reputation among art patrons, for he was selling china and Caxtons before then. He was in high favour with the "nobility and gentry." He induced the great Lord Chesterfield to visit in state a collection of pictures he had for sale; his lordship was graciously pleased to approve of them. The first Christie knew how to flatter, no doubt; and Lord Chesterfield, we may believe, knew how to swallow his flatteries. It would scarcely be safe for a noble lord

to imitate him to-day; a scandal-loving press would suggest mercenary motives.

Christie was known to most of the eminent men of his time, and sold up their belongings when they died. Gainsborough painted him, whilst Rowlandson and Gillray sketched his audiences. But for the change of costume, you find much the same people at the sales to-day. By the way, the identical ivory hammer which was used then is used now. There is now, as then, the successful merchant turned *dilettante*, and who is the best of patrons. There are



ENTRANCE HALL, CHRISTIE'S.

those who buy objects of art to be in the fashion and to pass the time; and lastly the few persons of taste who buy solely to please themselves. It would be extremely embarrassing to have to descend to particulars as to the Christie sales, for almost every well-known picture has been sold there at some time or other. The goods of the Chevalier D'Eon came under their hammer; he was a friend of the auctioneers. Mr. James Christie possesses part of the original wardrobe of the Chevalier, which he wore during his sensational career as a member of the opposite sex. The elegant trifles accumulated by another person of dubious character—the Countess Dubarry—also went to St. James's.

The Hamilton sale was the event of this century, and it is likely that its reputation will outlast the next. There were ten thousand lots of pictures, sculpture, furniture, china, and other costly objects. The prices are awe-inspiring: four thousand four hundred guineas for a secretaire, made originally for the luckless Marie Antoinette; and six thousand guineas for a writing table *en suite*. The Duke of Hamilton, who got together the collection, had a sharp eye to business. A triptych, originally bought by him for forty guineas, sold for sixteen hundred pounds! There are bargains, it is said, to be had at Christie's now. A Terburg is reported to have been bought there not long ago at a cost of seven guineas, which was resold for eighty pounds, and finally found its way into a Continental gallery at the cost of seven hundred pounds.

The old book auctioneers held their sales in the coffee houses where, as we are reminded, the wits were wont to congregate. One well-known auctioneer used to keep the pot boiling, when town emptied, by taking his books down to Tunbridge Wells, where the *bon ton* were taking the baths. Sotheby's in books stands where Christie's does in pictures; Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. Huge sums of money change hands every season in the quiet little room in Wellington Street. The Beckford sale lasted forty days, and produced seventy-three thousand pounds. Two thousand

aged fourteen pounds each. Talleyrand's books were sold there and those of that exceedingly correct person, the Hon. Joseph Addison. There is a pathetic interest in the sale of the books with which the exile of St. Helena tried to beguile the weary hours. They fetched four hundred and fifty pounds. Sotheby's is also celebrated amongst collectors of coins, prints and old china.

Puttick & Simpson's is another well-known firm, identified with the sale of books, musical instruments, and musical copyrights, postage stamps, and bookplates. Their house in Leicester Square was once the home of Sir Joshua Reynolds; he painted many of his masterpieces in the sale-room, which was his studio. Later it was tenanted by the Sacred Harmonic Society; Sir Michael de Costa conducted his rehearsals there. Though the bibliophile is most at home at Sotheby's, he is also a frequent visitor at Puttick's; they have distributed many splendid libraries. The sale of the Sunderland collection lasted two months and realised more than fifty thousand pounds. A copy of the Mazarin Bible was sold here. It is the corner stone which most collectors of the products of the early presses sigh for in vain. The copy was imperfect, there were only two volumes out of three, but it was the Mazarin Bible, and it fetched thirteen hundred pounds. Musical instruments of any value all find their way to Leicester Square. Big prices are realised at the sales of "guaranteed violins." The record so far is eight hundred and sixty pounds for a Stradivarius. Musical copyrights also run into a good deal of money. The copyright of the well-known song "Anchored," after having had a vogue for some years, realised twelve hundred pounds when brought to the hammer.

The value of the stamps sold at Puttick's during a single season amounts to many thousands of pounds. The highest price was for a block of four Mauritius "twopenny." These little bits of paper cost the purchaser two hundred and ten pounds. The pursuit of bookplates is a comparatively new hobby, but it has already enlisted many ardent spirits, especially in the United States. The bookplate of the collector is the engraved

label which the owner of a library pastes inside his books in token of possession. The very first sale of the kind in this country took place in Leicester Square at the beginning of last year. Old and scarce bookplates of celebrated personages and those engraved by distinguished engravers are most sought after. For example, the plate of Thomas Penn, the son of Penn the Quaker, fetched six pounds ten. Then there are autographs. The musical scores of Mozart, in the composer's own handwriting, fetched more than one hundred pounds.

Christie's for pictures, Sotheby's for books, Puttick & Simpson's for musical instruments and stamps, but Stevens, for natural curiosities. To-day they are selling a cargo of Egyptian mummies, to-morrow a valuable collection of butterflies. Let no one think slightly of the Lepidoptera; for a good pair of "Large Coppers" the present price is twelve guineas. They were plentiful enough thirty or forty years ago in the Fen districts, but the fens were drained and the Large Copper became extinct. Main drainage schemes are evidently opposed to the best interests of entomology.

But I am forgetting the Great Auk's Egg. Speak reverently of the egg; its value is greater even than Egyptian kings, or Benin idols "freely drenched in human blood." A perfect specimen, an egg with a pedigree, has fetched three hundred guineas. Two, whose history was not so well-known, sold at Stevens' not long ago, one at two hundred and eighty-six guineas, and the other at one hundred and eighty-five. A very respectable price, I think, for such a fragile object as a bird's egg. Happy the ornithologist who possesses one. Happier still the man who became the owner of the bird and egg complete. His triumph must have been cheap at six hundred and fifty guineas.



A CORNER IN CHRISTIE'S.

There is a wonderful story—which happens to be a true one—of a young man who bought for thirty shillings at a country sale a collection of bird's eggs. And there were two auk's eggs amongst them. He brought them joyfully to Mr. Stevens, who pronounced them genuine, and subsequently wrote out that young man a cheque in three figures.

Mineralogy is another strong feature at Stevens'. The catalogue of a sale as far back as 1834 refers to "Most select minerals, to be viewed two days prior to the sale, Sunday excepted." Those old mineralogists must have been a desperate crew, capable even of breaking the Sabbath to indulge their hobby. I read that a specimen of "green fibrous muriate of silver" is to be put up at twenty-five pounds. A "fanlike" and "starlike" kapolith or strawstone of unique and infinite beauty has a reserve of twenty-five pounds set upon it. "For years," the catalogue says pathetically, "this specimen was idolised by the owner." Mineralogy is no longer the rage, but certain specimens still fetch

large sums. Such as ruby silver, a magnificent piece of which was recently knocked down at one hundred guineas, and is now in the Jermyn Street Museum. And it is not the amount of silver it contains; the intrinsic value of that specimen would be about ten shillings.

But the interest in minerals has undoubtedly declined. I cannot say what has taken their place. The Dried

cite an instance, Du Chaillu and his gorillas for another. The present Mr. Stevens deals freely in lions, tigers, and other "fearful wildfowl," but they are generally of the stuffed variety. The firm, however, had once the selling of a collection, whilst the lions were still rampant.

When the London County Council found they had in the parks more waterfowl than they wanted, they consigned



STEVENS'

Human Heads from Ecuador perhaps. They sell freely enough, at any rate, at from fifteen to forty guineas. And extremely good value, if you have a taste for the gruesome. The bones of the skull are taken out, the head subjected to a peculiar drying process, by which it contracts to about one-sixth its natural size.

The mighty hunter brings the victims of his prowess to Stevens' to exchange for hard cash. Gordon Cumming, to

the surplus to Stevens. It is also the recognised market for homers and fancy pigeons. A homing pigeon of proved performance will easily fetch a ten-pound note; and turbits have been sold here at twenty-five and thirty guineas apiece. This is the place, too, for bulbs: orchids from two hundred and fifty guineas to three hundred guineas each; tulips and hyacinths. Mr. Chamberlain is to be seen here sometimes, scrutinising a new variety. There was

once an orchid sale at Stevens' at which thousands of lots were sold. The purchases of one great grower alone came to thousands of pounds. Another man there was who bought a single lot for a couple of shillings—a little piece of orchid with no apparent life in it. It grew up, however, in due course. And when it came to flower, what do you think he found? That he was the owner of a new and totally unknown variety. The moral of the story? He took it to Mr. Stevens, who sold it for one hundred and fifty pounds.

There is an old-world charm about Hodgson's, in Chancery Lane, which makes it one of the most attractive rooms in London. The booksellers sit facing each other—rusty, crabbed, old volumes some of them are!—passing the books from one to the other, sizing up their value at a glance. The barrow-men from Farringdon Road and the

New Cut are grouped picturesquely in the background, bidding for huge lots of worthless books, which go for a few shillings the hundred. Who buys them and who reads them, who shall say?—histories long discredited, out-of-date science, antiquated legal and medical books, old school books, encyclopædias, and sermons. Not old enough to be curious, not modern enough to be exact, the best place for them would be the paper mill. That, in fact, was their destination till the fall in the price of waste paper. But there seem to be degrees of worthlessness even in the Farringdon Road. The barrow-man, to meet the difficulty, labels his stock "Two a penny," with the significant addition that "You must take two."

Hodgson is *the* auctioneer to the trade—not so much for first editions and special rarities as for good, solid reading by authors of esteem. In fact, it is



HODGSONS

said Mr. Augustine Birrell once bought there for three and sixpence a first edition of "Gray's Elegy," value about fifty pounds. However, even if the story is true, similar finds have been recorded at Sotheby's; cataloguers are only human, after all. The copyrights of books are sold at Hodgson's. A work which has been very popular with one publisher will realise a thousand or two when passing over to another. This, too, is the place for "remainders"—the copies of a book which will not sell any longer at the published price. The "remainder bookseller" revives the sale by lowering the price, which, I suppose, would be below the dignity of the original publisher.

Most auctioneers specialise in some direction. There is a firm, for example, whose leading features are jewellery and old clothes. It seems a strange combination under one roof. The old clothes days are the most interesting. The buyers—chiefly Jewish wardrobe dealers—are quite up to their reputation for dirt and picturesqueness. They squabble amongst themselves all the while, and are facetious with the auctioneer, who has a reputation for repartee. The extent of the trade in second-hand clothing is enormous. There are many people who buy their wear of every kind second-hand. Even the goods which are too far gone for the home market are exported; partly-civilised races have a great liking for European dress, and look leniently at small deficiencies.

The Dutch auction is the sale at its lowest. The auctioneer, who comes from no one knows where, and leaves eventually for the same place, starts business in a good thoroughfare. He generally selects an empty shop. It makes an excellent sale room, with the advantage that the passer-by has a good view of him, his gold watch-chain, glossy silk hat, and generally irreproachable "get-up." It is true that under the influence of the heat and excitement he is sometimes driven to sell in his shirt sleeves, but he remains "quite the gentleman." He has a sunny smile, the smile of a man whose confidence in human nature cannot be shaken. He is very eloquent, and his humour is

undeniable. He does not follow the methods of the ordinary auctioneer, for he starts an article, say, at ten shillings, and if you will only wait, will bring it down to a shilling. His china, his bronzes, his clocks, his watches, his electro-plate and cutlery, his musical boxes, his cigars and oil paintings, in fact the whole of his stock, are all described in one word, and that is—shoddy. Wherever villainous parodies of useful and ornamental objects are to be bought he is a buyer, and wherever half-educated gulls are to be found he is a seller. The visitor from the country who, attracted by the flaring gaslights, steps inside to pass a cheap half-hour, often finds it has proved a dear one. The impudence of the Dutch auctioneer is colossal; so is his mendacity. He flourishes for a time like a green bay tree, but retribution comes, though it tarry long. Former customers flout him to his face and his reputation for ready wit suffers; humourists, like everybody else, must have a working majority. However, they have only the shadow while he has the substance; so he hires a furniture van, removes his stock and baits the trap elsewhere. Sometimes in the hurry of going he forgets to pay his rent.

The auction room is full of traps for the unwary. Overmantels of walnut wood are things which no drawing-room should be without. Some astonishing bargains of the kind are to be bought—brand new from the factory—warranted to warp, crack, and fall to pieces inside a twelvemonth. The pictures, one would think, would deceive no one; luckily for the artists—who turn them out by the score—they deceive a great many. There are rooms where the chief business is the sale of this rubbish, and of stock thrown out by dealers.

The common drawbacks of the average sale room—scanty room and miscellaneous company—are, however, forgotten in the fascinations of bargain hunting. To discover, on the viewing day, a fine old piece of furniture obscured by a pile of miscellanea; to unearth from a box of "sundries" something for the china cabinet; to find a first edition in a bundle of dirty books; to identify the work of a known artist

in a "speculative oil painting"; all these, though they come rarely, repay the auction hunter a hundredfold. To ascertain whether the marks on the china really do correspond to old Derby, Worcester, Lowestoft, Dresden, or what not; to collate the book; to compare the painting with works by the same master; these are further pleasures.

To carefully mark the lot in the

catalogue and arrive on the scene at least two hours before the time; to watch suspiciously the approach of any one to the coveted treasure; when it is put up to bid timidly, then feverishly, then excitedly; to win it for yourself—or at least to have the wicked satisfaction of making your opponent pay dearly for it—these are imperishable triumphs which age cannot wither or custom stale.





WRITTEN BY MARY DE MORGAN. ILLUSTRATED BY ISABEL WATKIN

AT 17, Bartlet Street, Bloomsbury, could be seen the announcement "Furnished Apartments," in gold letters in a glass frame above the street door. Bartlet Street makes no effort to be residential, or indeed anything but cheap. Mrs. Quench, the mistress of 17, as she herself put it, "'adn't much to complain of in a general way; of course, like others, there's bad times and good ones, but mostly speakin' I'm full." The house contrived to shelter more human souls than one would have deemed possible from its outward aspect, but with varieties in the manner of its hospitalities. There were the parlours and drawing-rooms, with their complement of bedrooms—these were the more aristocratic quarters; but in the upper regions were three apartments genteelly described as "bed-sitting rooms," the

term really indicating that the owner possessed no room for day use. Three such apartments did Mrs. Quench offer to the public, and however much the parlours and first floor might stand empty, the more modest bed-sitting rooms were nearly always occupied, and knew the same owners for years. So constant were the tenants in these upper stories that when a room became suddenly vacant, Mrs. Quench felt almost as if some great national misfortune must ensue. However, England pursued her course, and before the end of a week the third floor front had found a new occupant in a pale, middle-aged lady, who announced herself as Miss Moore, and agreed to take the apartment at the modest rent of ten shillings a week, or £1 with breakfast and supper.

"You will not object to my piano?" Mrs. Quench demurred.

"I am out teaching all day, but I must have my piano here."

"Would you be playing it much, ma'am? Might you be 'avin' your pupils 'ere?"

"My pupils never come to me. I should not play it a great deal."

"The first floor's let for the present to some young gentlemen studyin' for the harmy, and they might regard it as a disturbance; and the lady who occu-

having the air of one granting a favour, and continued to expatiate on the advantages which the new tenant would enjoy. "I consider, though it's myself speaking, that there's not such another quiet 'ouse in Bloomsbury. I've always made a partikler pint of getting the most superior class of parties in the parlours and first floor; and as for the gentleman in the back room—well, you'd hardly know 'e was there. 'E



"HAVING THE AIR OF ONE GRANTING A FAVOUR"

pies the room above is a regular chapel lady, and very partikler, and would, I know, make objection to Sunday music."

"I can promise never to play on Sunday; indeed, I am nearly always away with my sister then. In the evening, between eight and ten, is the time when I use it, and I rarely play for more than an hour, but I cannot take the rooms without it."

Upon this Mrs. Quench consented,

lies late in the mornin', bein' kept late by 'is work at night, and 'e 'as 'is little bit of breakfast, and goes out as reg'lar as the clock about two. 'E goes to a newspaper office, and it keeps 'im out late; in fact, 'e's pretty well out all night. But you need not fear any disturbance, for 'e comes in about three just as quiet as a mouse; in fact, the lady above sez to me, only yesterday, that she believes she's only set eyes on 'im three times in all, and she's been

'ere upwards of three year, and 'e nine, so there's nothin' you could object to in 'im."

Miss Moore showed small interest in her companion lodgers.

"I shall come, then, on Thursday, and if all suits shall most likely be here as long as the chapel lady or the newspaper gentleman."

In due course the lady and her piano arrived, and were installed. In appearance she was not remarkable—a faded, middle-aged gentlewoman, with fair hair sprinkled with grey, and clear, grey eyes. In early youth she might have been pretty, but with the sort of prettiness which evaporates with the first twenty-five years of life; and she had now no look of beauty, and nothing noticeable about her, unless it were a certain wistfulness of expression and manner, which she seemed anxious to conceal. There was no appearance of poverty in her dress, which was suitable and well arranged.

It being late afternoon when Miss Moore arrived, she asked for tea, settled her belongings, and sat down to survey the domain. A first entry into any dwelling, where we may remain indefinitely, generally raises recollections of other entries which may make us sad; and Miss Moore had to do battle with a whole army of gloomy thoughts, which, do what she would, disturbed her self-possession.

"I am fifty. Both youth and middle age will soon be passed. Old age will come in view, and the prospect it holds out is one of unloved loneliness. I work for myself alone, to support an existence which is not worth supporting, since it brings with it no joy. As I have worked for the last fifteen years, so I shall most likely work for the next, except that each year work will grow more irksome, as I become less fit for it. I don't stand high enough in my profession to have much interest in it, and I have long wearied of the eternal teaching of scales to unmusical beginners at half-a-crown an hour. As I own £20 a year I can't starve, and by dint of strenuous saving I may make it £40. And then what shall I have toiled for? That I may go and economise in some foreign city or in the heart of the

country, away from any one whom I have loved or known. I am thankful my sisters are happy, but I wish I did not feel envious of their homes and children, and the love that surrounds them. I wonder what I have to be so very thankful for? I have some kind friends, it is true, but I think their brightness only makes my own loneliness more apparent. And then I seem to live in a ring fence of dreary self! I have neither time nor strength to help others, and this enforced selfishness is without fruit, as I bring no satisfaction to myself. I struggle on to support an existence which would be better at an end."

To fight gloomy thoughts was a constant effort with the thinker. Being naturally cheerful, she made a vigorous effort, and, rising, walked about the room to banish the enemy. "Come, come; this won't do. To-morrow Mary will be here, and perhaps, when she has seen it, the room won't seem so dreary," and she determinedly took up a book.

Next day Mary arrived. Some ten years younger than her sister, married and prosperous, cheerful in dress and manner, and with that attractive expression of expectation of happiness which much experience of it gives, she treated the question of the sister's habitation with lightness, as if, being in itself so small, it could not be of much moment.

"Well, dear, are you settled in, all right? It all seems very nice. I spoke to the landlady coming in, and she seems quite a nice person. Mrs. Quench! Good heavens! what a name! I gave her our address, and told her she was to send to us at once in case you were ill or anything. Who has the room behind you? One would like to know what sort of a mortal it is."

"According to Mrs. Quench, a perfect paragon of a lodger. He's an old journalist, and nobody ever sees him except the maid who takes in his breakfast. He goes to a newspaper office in the afternoon, and stays there till the small hours; and as I shall always be out when he is in, the chances are I shall leave the house without an interview."

"A sort of human bat. Well, as long

as he doesn't come in drunk, that is all right. I still wish you had fixed on something nearer St. John's Wood, but perhaps, as you say that this will save you so much in fares, you are right, and it's nice having the Dunlops in Russell Square. And, of course, you'll always come on Sundays. By the way, Edith says she'll be furious if you don't go to Totnes at Christmas."

The regularity of Miss Moore's life was almost equal to that of the unseen journalist, and confirmed Mrs. Quench in her good opinion of single lodgers in bed-sitting rooms. She remarked to the landlady next door, "They ain't no more trouble than a bit of clockwork. There's my new lady: she just 'as 'er bit of breakfast, and never worries over what I give her, and goes out as regular as the clock, and don't come back till seven, when she 'as 'er little bit of supper, and then plays 'er pianer a bit, and goes to bed; and never there on a Sunday at all."

The above was a fair epitome of Miss Moore's life for over two years. Few were the visitors who penetrated into her little room, and far apart were the small festivities which, to those whose home surroundings are more cheerful, are matters of frequent occurrence. If the look of gravity on the lady's face deepened, it was small wonder, seeing that little sun came into her life to drive the shadows away.

She was faithful to her promise, and only for an hour or so in the evening could her piano be heard. The inhabitants of No. 17 were not musicians, or they might have noted that the lady was an admirer of Schumann's works, and more particularly of one or two pieces. For whatever else she played, before the piano was silent for the night, there might always be heard the last of his "Nacht-Stücke," generally preceded by the "Romance in F." But if the latter were omitted, the evening never closed without the long, slow arpeggios of the "Nacht-Stücke" sounding in the dull room. Both, played from memory, and so often repeated, must surely have lost meaning to their performer; yet they had power to move her strangely. Sometimes she would stop suddenly, and, hiding her face in

her hands, sob with dry eyes; at others, betwixt the pieces, she would sit with hands clasping her head, gazing in front of her with knitted brows, as though trying hard to solve some knotty problem. Then, turning to the keyboard, she would repeat them again, as if by that she sought to discover some solution of her difficulty, and would try different renderings of the phrases, putting into them various expressions, as though to force them to utter what she wanted to know.

Mrs. Quench from the kitchen could not hear the sound of the piano; and the "chapel lady" above, being devoid of a musical ear, could not have said whether it was music-hall ditty or Gregorian chant that her neighbour played; while the other lodgers did not generally remain long enough to be struck with the incessant repetitions.

The servant who aided Mrs. Quench in the labours of the house was usually changed much more often than the lodgers, but in the second year of Miss Moore's occupation there appeared on the scene a rosy-faced damsel named Cornelia, who told her friends that the place suited her—that she did not mind the missis' tempers, or the bustle with the work, as she liked a "bit of life," and she appeared likely to become a fixture. Cornelia, having a good musical ear, noticed the perpetual repetition of the two pieces, and when, pail in hand, she was going to "do her rooms," paused and listened. "Drat that old tune! There she goes with it again! It's enough to drive one silly! I b'lieve she's goin' a bit silly herself!" On one of these occasions, when the player stopped suddenly, Cornelia, running to the door, peeped betwixt its hinges. The lady sat with her face in her hands, and elbows resting on the keys. Then she suddenly started up, took a turn about the room, and, sitting down again, resumed the "Nacht-Stücke," this time playing more softly. Cornelia, having a sympathetic nature, and experience gained from an engagement with the milkman, jumped to a conclusion. "Poor dear! it's that old tune upsets 'er. It must 'ave 'ad something to do with 'er young man. I wonder if 'e's dead, or if 'e give 'er the sack!" Re-



"CORNELIA, HAVING A GOOD MUSICAL EAR"

volving these matters in her mind, she picked up her pail, and continued her duties, saying to herself that Miss Moore wanted "cheerin' up a bit."

Conversation being in Cornelia's code the surest method of "cheerin' up," even when it dealt with misfortunes, she began, when next morning she took the lady her breakfast, a series of remarks to which the recipient paid little heed. Then, unabashed, she waxed eloquent on the condition of the gentleman in the back room.

"It's my belief 'e's as bad as 'e can be, and ought to be attended to. 'E looks just fit to frighten yer."

"Poor man! Is he ill? I daresay he can take care of himself."

"Why, 'e don't do nothing for 'imself, as far as I can see. In fact, I'm the only soul in the 'ouse that ever sets eyes on 'im, so of course I feels anxious. Missis 'aven't no call to see 'im, for even when 'e settles his little account, 'e sends the money down, and don't see 'er, 'avin' no call to, so there's no one but myself knows 'ow 'e is."

"But has he no friends or relations?—no one who ever comes to see him?"

"No one that I see. There 'ave been a gentleman or two 'ere sometimes of a Sunday, smoking with 'im, but that very seldom. It's my belief 'e's quite alone in the world, as you may say."

"How sad it is, in this immense city, how many utterly lonely people there seem to be," remarked Miss Moore, arranging her bonnet to go out for her day's work.

Some weeks after this, when in the evening as usual she sat down to her piano, the player had an audience of whose existence she was not aware. In the back room a solitary man, racked with pain, listened with a tired, odd feeling of pleasure as Chopin's waltzes sounded in his ears. He heard them drowsily, and began to forget his bodily suffering while sleep crept on him. The waltzes ceased; he half opened his eyes, and waited for the next strain, but when the first bars of Schuman's Romance began, he started up in bed, and listened without prospect of sleep, but with every nerve in his body vibrating, and with eyes that, fixed on the dingy wall, saw

something very different. In the room the furniture was shabby. It had been a day of thick, yellow fog, which had forced itself betwixt the window cracks to contaminate the atmosphere within. On the table a paraffin lamp, smoking slightly, gave small cheerfulness to the scene. But to all this the listener's eyes were blind. In place, he saw the parlour of a Devonshire parsonage, with outside a smooth lawn set with rose trees, against a background of wood and hill, and inside a smell of flowers; while at a piano, a slender girl, in a light, summer dress, played the music to which he now listened. The past and the present became confused to him. "Will she go on, and play the other?" He lay back when the Romance ended. Miss Moore paused. Then, when the "Nacht-Stücke" began, he covered his face with his hands, and gave deep sobs, heedless of Cornelia, who had come in to give the fire a vicious poke, and see that "all was right." The latter, taking in a letter to Miss Moore, reported of the state of affairs.

"The gentleman in the back room came 'ome very bad this evening, ma'am, as I knew 'e would."

"Poor man! I wonder what it is! Has he had a doctor?"

"Missis 'as sent for one now, but the gentleman says 'e's sure 'e can't do anything for 'im. 'E went to bed at once and 'e do look bad. 'E was groanin' fearful when 'e was listenin' to you playin' the pianner. I wonder yer didn't 'ear 'im."

"To my playing! Oh I am sorry! Of course I never knew he was in there ill, or I wouldn't have disturbed him. Please tell him I am so very sorry, and won't play again."

Cornelia went with the message, returning smiling and garrulous.

"If you please Miss, the gentleman sez 'e likes it, and 'e do 'ope you won't stop playin' on 'is account. And would be very much obliged if you'd play the same piece over again. 'E said: 'Just ask 'er if she don't mind.' That's what 'e said, ma'am."

"The same piece, of course I will. I wonder which he meant. Let me see, what was I playing." She sat down and

began one of Chopin's waltzes. "I wonder if that was what he meant. Couldn't you ask him its name or who it was by?" Cornelia departed, and Miss Moore continued to play Chopin softly, but stopped when after a more prolonged absence Cornelia returned, with a bit of paper, which she proffered for the lady's reading, remarking: "'E sez that's the name, Miss." On the paper was written in pencil in a shaky hand: "Schumann—Romance—Nacht-Stücke."

Miss Moore, sitting in front of her piano, turned deadly pale, and her hands dropped in her lap. Cornelia watched her interested. After a minute, the lady said, "I see—I will play them. You have never told me the gentleman's name. Do you know it?"

The girl considered. "Well, it's a singular thing, but I can't say I do. 'E never 'as his letters 'ere, or nothink to tell one, and Missis always calls 'im the gentleman upstairs, when she 'as any call to speak of 'im, which ain't very often. But no doubt she knows, and I'll ascertain and let yer know."

Cornelia went, and Miss Moore began the "Romance" with trembling hands. "Am I breaking my promise? But what does it matter? He broke all his." She played on, and before she had ended, Cornelia put her head in at the door, and remarked: "Please Missis sez she believes it's Carpenter, but it's a long time since she heard it, and she really can't be sure."

The lady started from the piano, catching the back of the chair to steady herself. "I am going in to see him," she said with forced self-possession. "I think it is unkind not to see if I can do anything. No, you needn't come," and without waiting, she left the astonished Cornelia staring after her. Her knock brought a weak "Come in."

Through the opened door she gazed a minute at the room's occupant. A little grey man. Grey of hair and face, with cheeks and forehead covered with anxious lines. Such a one as may be seen again and again in London, and about whom nothing calls for remark. A man with a weak kindly face, that spoke of infirm purpose, and indecision, but that showed now one absolute

assurance—the warning of the hand of death given with grim certainty, that shortly this human being should be seen no more of living comrades. This was all he would have seemed to an ordinary observer, but the woman before him, looking back thirty long years, saw a bright young fellow with crisp brown hair, a joyous laugh, and sanguine mouth, of whom the sick man was a ghastly paraphrase.

"Dick! it is I, Helen Moore."

The invalid gave a gasp. His eyes grew big. "You! Nelly! How did you come here? Where have you been? My God!"

"I did not know it was you, Dick, here in this house. I have lived here for near three years. Oh, my poor Dick, and the same roof has sheltered us both, and we have never known it!" She knelt by the bed holding one of the thin feverish hands and tried to stop the rising sobs. He gazed at her blankly, then with a weak action put up the other weak hand, as though he would have touched her face. She bent to him, and let her lips light on his forehead.

"Then it was you playing in the front room. Some one said—I thought you were married."

"Not I. Mary and Edith. I waited."

"Did you wait for me, Nelly?"

She caught her breath. "I suppose so, but I never knew; I thought you had only been flirting. Why did you never write or come back?"

He turned his face to the wall, as though not liking she should see it. "Didn't you know? I spoke to your father, and he forbade me to ask you till I should have found work or begun something. I was full of hope of success, and waited to write when I got to town, till I could tell you I was making my way. For long I could only just get on, but I always thought something was coming, coming, and it never came. And one day I found fifteen years had passed, and then I met a man who had been at Combe Regis, and he told me you were all married and away, and your father dead."

"No, that was the others. I lived with father till he died, twenty years ago. He never told me you had spoken.

He died very suddenly. Of course I never knew I should be so poor. So I began to teach music: it was all I could do, and first I lived with Mary, and then as I got on better, and she had not room for me, I lived alone, and for the last two years and more I have lived here. I have not done badly for work. Oh! why did I not know it was you?"

He tried to clasp his head. "Is it real? I can't understand it. You, Nelly! here in this house! Asleep in there when I came in at night, and thought there was not a creature to whom it mattered if I never came back again. My God! this is hard." She was silent. She thought of the last years. Of the weary monotony of her lessons, of her return to what she had bitterly called to herself, her solitary prison. If she had known, if once they had met. Old and worn though they were, how bright those two rooms might have grown for them!

"Poor Nelly! poor Nelly! How I have spoiled your life. If we could live it over again, my dear, how different it should be." Again he pulled her face down to him with the feverish hand, and kissed the wet cheek. "But it would have been small gain to you dear, to be the wife of such a broken down failure as I."

"We might have been very happy together, Dick."

He went on speaking, as if more to himself than her. "You see I mistook myself. I thought I had genius, and could do great things, and it was only because I loved the genius of others. There are so many like me—men I have met—who think that they can do something good themselves, because they admire what has been done by others. There should be some one to tell young men to be content to enjoy the great men, without thinking they are great men too. I was made to be the audience, not the actor, and so I failed. There were little things to encourage me, and I could just keep on. I was not bad enough to quite go under, but I could not rise. Most of us are like that." Again a silence, while she sat stroking his hair, and trying to strangle her sobs. He turned his eyes up to her.

"Did you play them often, Nelly?"

Those Schumanns. It was like a dream when I heard them in the next room."

"I have played them to myself almost every day, Dick, just to bring it back again, but I never played them to any one else. Do you remember my promise? I know it was all a joke, but I kept it." The habit of enforced cheerfulness came to her aid. "Come, I am being absurd," she said. "What an old fool any one would think me. Now I am going to turn nurse, and take care of you till you are quite well and strong."

"I never can be well, my dear, but I should like you to take care of me."

Cornelia, peeping through the door crack, and much interested, here thought best to look in, and remark: "'Ere's Missis and the doctor comin' upstairs, Miss."

"Very well, Cornelia, I shall be glad to speak to the doctor; Mr. Carpenter is a very old friend of mine, and he is going to let me nurse him."

During the next three weeks Miss Moore's pupils were obliged to forego their lessons, being told their teacher was occupied with the dangerous illness of a friend. Mrs. Quench considered that, as they were bound to have a bad illness in the house, it was a godsend that it should turn out to be a friend of the front room's, as it saved a lot of trouble about a nurse, and likewise "prevented words on the part of the same floor which otherwise might have complained."

When three weeks later Miss Moore knelt alone by the bed on which lay all that remained of the lover of her youth,



"'ERE'S MISSIS AND THE DOCTOR COMIN' UPSTAIRS'"

it was not sorrow only which filled her heart, but a certain contentment. "I was everything to Dick at last. He wanted no one but me, I feel as if I had had a honeymoon. My God, I can give thanks for this: and for the rest, I can wait. It may not be so long again."

In vain did enquiry seek for relations of the dead man, who should by their presence at his funeral display an affection for him which they had failed to show in his life. One or two friends from his office, and the lady, were sole mourners. When what Mrs. Quench termed "the upset" was over, and the good lady prepared to negotiate for another lodger, Miss Moore stopped her. "I will take the room myself, Mrs. Quench, I have been very much cramped with only my own, and please don't alter any of the furniture."

She resumed her teaching with no uncheerful face, and practised as before, only there were one or two pieces that she never played, and declined to give to her pupils, saying they were fidgetty and difficult! These were Schumann's "Romance in F" and "Nacht-Stücke."

Cornelia, on her Sunday afternoon walks with the milkman, conversed of the episode at great length. "To think of them two old things being sweet-hearts! I shouldn't have thought they'd got it in them. It 'as giv' me quite a feelin', somehow, for all the old maids I see. I suppose they've all 'ad young men some time, and what's become of 'em? It gives me the 'ump to think of it."

To which the milkman replied sagely: "We shall be old some day ourselves, my dear."





GOLDBREAKERS' RUSH FOR THE KLONDIKE

The Golden Gateway to the Klondike

WRITTEN BY K. F. PURDON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



TRAVELLER making the journey across the Continent of North America, between the months of November and May, probably gets a somewhat chilling impression of the greater part of the country through which the railway is bearing him. For the average winter there, in the same latitude as the Isle of Wight, and Paris, and the Riviera, means pretty constant severe weather. And, however luxurious the Pullman cars may be, five days of frosty outlook from the windows over a dreary monotony of hundreds of miles of snowy landscape is the reverse of cheerful.

But when he has reached the point where the Northern Pacific line crosses the Cascade Mountains, he may prepare himself for a wondrous change. Here,

at the Stampede Pass, after running through a bleak, arid desert, the train enters a tunnel nearly two miles long, emerging on the other side into a country as different from the frozen land of the dead he has left behind the mountain barrier as day is from night, or rather, summer from winter. He has passed in a few hours from a treeless waste to a forest region containing the great timber reserve of the world.

He is now on the Pacific Slope of the great Continent, sheltered by the mountains he has just passed through from the snows and blizzards, the cyclones and thunder-storms that so often devastate the more Eastern States. The climate is further tempered, as he approaches the coast, by a current of warm water from Japan; an Asiatic gulf stream repaying, on the western coast

of North America, the heat she sends off to us from her eastern shore. Through a land of extraordinary fertility and luxuriant vegetation he journeys on, till he reaches the point chosen by the great railway to connect their overland traffic with the highways of the ocean, the fair "City of Destiny," Tacoma.

Its history is unique in its brevity. Fifteen years ago Tacoma was a mere lumber camp, a tiny village of a few hundred souls dropped into the clearing they had cut out from the great forest. To-day it is a handsome city of 50,000 inhabitants, with broad, well-paved streets, good hotels, churches, schools, theatres, banks, and the best bicycle

known, of such vast extent, and containing trees of such enormous size, as here, in West Washington. Cedar shingles are better than any others, as they neither warp nor crack, and one is not surprised to learn that Tacoma possesses the largest shingle mill in the world. The Douglas fir, from its great strength and size, is splendidly adapted for making bridges, railway cars, etc. In comparison with its huge girth and towering height—it runs up sometimes to 400 feet—what saplings our European oaks and elms appear! Last year, five hundred million feet of lumber were cut. But the supply is practically inexhaustible. The lumber-men may cut at the



TACOMA STEAMERS

paths, and the grandest system of public parks probably in the world.

Truly here is a prosperity that has advanced by leaps and bounds. And the causes of this progress are not far to seek. Tacoma possesses natural advantages that may be said to be unrivalled.

It lies on Puget Sound, at the edge of a strip of forest land running for 800 miles between the Cascade Mountains and the Pacific. This forest is composed of Douglas fir and cedar. Nowhere in the world are such magnificent woods

same rate for a hundred years without making any sensible inroad on these mighty woods.

Beneath them lies more wealth. Within a radius of 150 miles from the centre of the city are rich deposits, not only of iron, coal, silver, copper, and sulphur, but of the gold which is luring so many to the far North. In 1896 the output of gold and silver was worth two and a-half million dollars, and of coal, nearly three millions.

Above and through the ocean of trees,

huge solitary mountain peaks rear their heads, like grim sentinels watching over the golden treasure-land from the Yukon to California. Of these, from S. Elias to Mt. Shasta, Tacoma—the name means “the great white mountain”—is the most imposing.

To say that it rises 15,000 feet above the sea level, conveys a very inadequate idea of its imposing effect. Though sixty miles distant from Tacoma city, its presence is always felt there, dominating all its surroundings, as it rises above the quiet beauty of the Puyallup Valley. Towering as it does 10,000 feet above the neighbouring Cascades, it exceeds any other known peak in its lonely grandeur, so close to tide-water. Viewed from Puget Sound, its appearance is very striking.

It is covered with snow from the line of green, forest-clad foot-hills, to the summit, where the mist from a slumbering volcano forms its “Cap of Liberty.” When steamers first began running between Tacoma and Japan, the Japanese sailors were struck by the marked resemblance between Mount Tacoma and Fusi-yama, their sacred mountain, the goal of so many pilgrimages.

Within easy reach of Tacoma city

lies the Puyallup Valley, a very paradise of fruit-growers. The soil in Washington is remarkably fertile, its average wheat-yield being 23 bushels, against 11 in Minnesota, and 8 in Virginia. This advantage is strengthened still further, along Puget Sound, by the climate, which is very similar to that of the South of England. No extremes are known in this favoured region. The seasons merge into one another almost imperceptibly. The thermometer scarcely ever rises to 90 degrees, and frost is so exceptional that Tacomans have small opportunity of learning “the skater’s art—the poetry of circles.” Occasionally there is a little snow in January, but it disappears speedily before the warm “chinook” wind.

Such conditions are ideal for fruit-growing. Apples, pears, and all small fruits flourish in abundance. What is more important, so do hops. Two tons to the acre is no unusual yield, and they are of superb quality.

Human nature is the same, and has similar developments all the world over. Hop-picking in England resolves itself into a kind of annual holiday task for those who are either unable or unwilling for regular labour. The loafers, and tramps,



TYPICAL INDIAN CANOE

and sickly unemployed, who swarm to Kentish hop-yards, are represented in Tacoma by the dusky-skinned Aborigines. Whole families betake themselves hither in the season, travelling hundreds of miles in high-prowed, gaily-painted canoes, from their homes in far Alaska. Such a journey is possible for these frail craft in the waterway along the shore, which is smooth as the proverbial mill-pond, thanks to the chain of islands which defends it from ocean storms and rollers, making it similar to the Inner Lead on the Norwegian coast.

A distinctive feature of these canoes is the high prow. Clumsy as they look, mere logs hollowed out, absolutely without any appliance more scientific than an axe, they are marvels of manual dexterity, as well as of some intuitive, perhaps inherited, skill, for they are exquisitely balanced, and accommodate safely a dozen persons or more, with their multifarious belongings. They move very easily, fortunately, for the Siwash, or Indian of the coast, is a very lazy individual. He is never known to paddle, except with the tide. In fact, he uses an amended version of a once popular comic song, and never "paddles his own canoe" when he can get any one else to do it for him. The women really do all the paddling, and hop-picking, and carrying of burdens, plodding patiently behind their lords as they swarm through Tacoma streets to spend their earnings on gaudy blankets, and shawls, and tin-ware.

In their leisure moments, the squaws make mocassins and pretty mats of strips of cedar-bark. Mrs. Siskiyou was very unwilling to be photographed while thus employed. Truly, human nature is ever the same. The small boy of civilisation has his red-skinned representative here, ready to jeer at her discomfiture.

The Japanese quality of the name Siskiyou points to the probable origin of the tribe. There are two distinct native races in Washington; one of the eagle type, stern, impassive, with a profile somewhat Dantesque; the other round-faced, short-featured, and, like Mrs. Siskiyou, capable of great variety of expression. These last are said to be descended from the crew of a Japanese

boat blown out to sea, and drifted by the warm current to the American coast.

Salmon and peaches convey an impression of luxury here. When Ouida wishes to depict reckless extravagance, she shows us gilded youths pelting one another with peaches at Richmond. Yet peaches from Puyallup, and salmon from the Sound, are staple articles of household fare among the farmers about Tacoma.

For fish is another of her resources. All along the coast the sea swarms with the best varieties known. It makes one's mouth water to hear of salmon being sold in the streets for twopence each, reminding one of the "good ould times" in Ireland, when—and this is not a century ago—in certain rural districts, servants hiring stipulated that they should not get salmon more than twice a week! The very word Klondike or, rather, Thronduick, means "much salmon" in the Indian language, and this fact, coupled with visions easily conjured up in connection with a fishery exporting to the extent of over two million dollars yearly, suggests that the much salmon (or "Klondike") of Tacoma, may have money in it, as well as the Klondike, or much salmon, of the far North.

All these, the timber and wheat, the minerals, the fruit and hops, and fish, mean wealth to the beautiful city which, like a great, unresting heart, works ceaselessly, circulating its treasures all over the world.

Some idea may be formed of the supply of bread-stuffs sent out from Tacoma, from the statement that last season one hundred large ocean vessels took cargoes of wheat alone from Tacoma's wharves.

And here, at these wharves, we behold the greatest of Tacoma's many natural advantages. Her harbour is quite unique, from its size, its sheltered position, and the depth of its waters close to shore.

Puget Sound is a narrow stretch of water running south, and protected from the Pacific by a mountainous, still unexplored peninsula. It has been well called the Mediterranean of America. Off this Sound lies Commencement

Bay, an inlet of about four miles square; a land-locked harbour, capable of holding all the navies of the world. The water is so deep, that anchorage can only be found along the northern and eastern shores, and the largest ocean steamers can come alongside to load or discharge cargo.

Wood and water, two staple factors in commercial progress, meet here, and the stems of the forest giants have been utilised, ere now, to moor vessels in this placid haven. One strange enemy to be contended with is a curious sea-worm, the *Teredos*. It does great mischief, by boring into the timbers used

noon of July 2nd, 1897, the news arrived in Tacoma of the wonderful gold discovery of the Klondike, in a few minutes the streets were thronged with excited crowds, discussing the situation. Before sundown preparations were being made by many for immediate departure to the frozen North; and within a week the first batch of treasure-seekers had started.

They had every facility for doing so. Tacoma had already an established communication by steamship with Alaska. Very little further development along the same lines was needed to render Tacoma what she has now



FIFTY MEN ON A CEDAR STUMP

in constructing the wharves. So extensive are its depredations, that the wood in the harbour only lasts for seven or eight years; at the end of that time it is perforated in every direction, and quite unsound. A process has lately been perfected, however, which will completely protect the timber from this insidious foe.

It is hard to realise that people living amidst all this natural wealth and beauty, were found willing to turn their backs upon it. Yet when, on the after-

become, the jumping-off place for the Klondike.

Tacoma was the first city to organise a Klondike Information Committee, a step much to be commended. For hard facts, not rosy reports, are what are wanted by men who are taking their lives in their hands when starting for the gold-fields of the North. She supplies more than information. Every imaginable requisite of a miner's outfit, from pick and pan, flour and bacon, to the sledge and boat by which these stores

are to be transported, can be had in Tacoma, made on the spot.

Shops, streets, and newspapers alike teem with Klondike in the largest type. All are busy, supplying the departing treasure-seekers, from the big outfitting stores, to the modest chemists, who put up assorted cases of condensed drugs, warranted to "break up" the severest colds or rheumatism, these being the

service, some intending prospectors at Tacoma spent their leisure last winter training large dogs to draw the sledges they are using this season.

A motley mixture of vessels has been pressed into the service to accommodate the great rush to the Klondike; from the stately old Cunarder, to the curious Sound steamer, built high out of the water, and drawing only about six feet.



IN WASHINGTON WOODS

ailments most to be feared in that frozen land.

Everything for Klondike is concentrated as much as possible. Bulk and weight are reduced to a minimum; an essential, when it is realised that it costs 2s. per pound to have supplies "packed" across the Coast Range from Skagway. To meet the demand for transport

Close by these passenger boats are the great ocean freight-ships, bearing away wheat and timber, and other produce to every part of the world. A little further on are the magnificent Oriental liners arriving from China and Japan, with their rich lading of silk and tea. Of the latter commodity, over sixty per cent. of the amount consumed

in the United States passes over Tacoma's wharves. She has a reputation for rapidity in handling goods, which is an important matter in the silk trade. A few hours' delay may mean a big fall in the market. It certainly means a loss of interest on capital, and an enormous sum is locked up in a single cargo of silk. Accordingly, the moment a silk ship touches the wharf, hundreds of long-shoremen are busy unloading her, working, if need be, all night, by electric light; and train-loads of silk are rushed across the continent at the highest possible rate of speed.

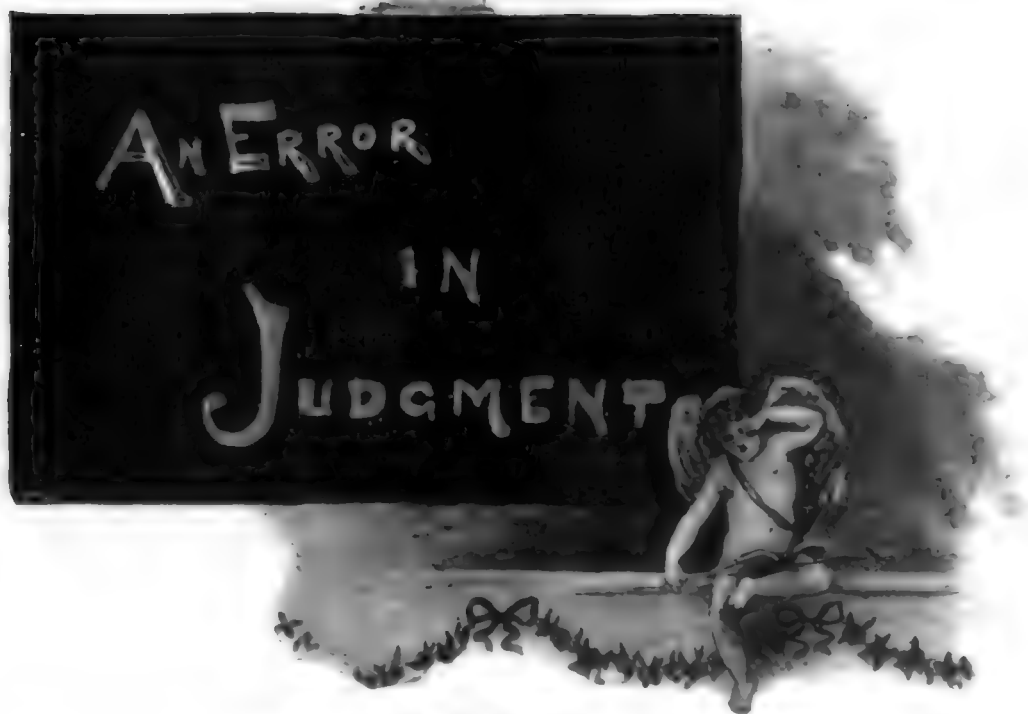
Side by side they lie, these precious reight-ships and the steamers for Klondike, ready to carry away the eager crowd of anxious gold-seekers that are

pressing on one another's heels in a never-ceasing race for wealth.

The average magazine reader probably thinks that what he does not know about the Klondike, is not worth knowing. He is in full possession of many glowing stories of gold-finds, most of which are apocryphal, as well as terrible tales of hard work, and misery and despair, which are probably only too true.

Let him weigh these against the charming conditions of life, the tangible evidences of prosperity, on which the Klondiker embarking on Puget Sound turns his back; and cease to wonder if many a treasure-seeker be tempted to stay his foot, and go no farther than Tacoma, the fair City of Destiny, the Golden Gateway of the Klondike.





BY E. M. DAVY,
Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth," "A Prince of Como," etc.
ILLUSTRATED BY "GUY"

CHAPTER X. THE DEAD GIRL'S FATHER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the overwhelming evidence against him, Mrs. Lorraine's faith in her husband's innocence remained unshaken. It was of that nature which, knowing "no variableness neither shadow of turning," is in itself a sustaining force.

Again and again she said to herself truth must prevail, knowing all the while that thousands of times in the world's history lies have slain truth, might triumphed over right, and what are styled God's laws proved equally fallible with those of man. She could understand afterwards—looking back with comparative calmness to that awful period of her life—why certain persons deemed her mad for acting as she did; but at least it must be admitted there was method in her madness.

She believed in her husband's innocence and in her own power to prove it. The possibility—much less the probability—of failure, did not present itself in any shape; and she

thanked heaven that this was so. The Major undertook to engage the cleverest counsel in England for the defence. She left all such arrangements to be carried out by him. Her own work, she believed, lay entirely apart. She could speak of it to no one.

To prove the innocence of the man she loved—to bring the guilt home to some one—to find the true assassin—to hunt him to the death. To make him die a thousand deaths in one if that could be. The real murderer! Even now he must be trembling somewhere lest he should be discovered. His punishment had begun. It would continue until the end. Who, and what was he? Did he live? Had he ever lived at all? Had some inexplicable occurrence taken place? A tumult of such questions as these continuously surged through Nella's brain, but she could not answer them, for as yet she had no real clue.

On the day following the committal, Major Higgins, accompanied by a solicitor, went to have an interview with the accused. Rightly or wrongly Nella still adhered to her determination

to spare her husband the inexpressible pain of seeing her before his innocence was proved. Nevertheless, she wrote a few words, which she enclosed and sealed, and consigned to her uncle's care to give to him.

"Philip—I love you and know you are innocent, yet for our love's sake I ask you to write it all down for me—the whole—the truth."

During the Major's absence George

Then, without waiting for assent continued, "You see, the fact is I want your help."

"Do tell me in what way," he cried eagerly.

"To work with me in solving the mystery of this most dreadful death. If it was murder, to fix it on the right culprit. If, as I begin to suspect, there is some greater mystery involved, still you must work with me to solve

it. Will you answer me two or three simple questions?"

"A hundred!"

"You really did not recognise my husband in court?"

"On my honour, no. I did not recollect then that I had seen him at the vicarage at Gulcotes. That night, Mrs. Lorraine, I believe, I had eyes for no one but yourself. The name, too, was different, you know."

"Ah! That will do. Now about your father. Is he still abroad?"

"Yes, but is coming home to-night. He knows nothing. Has been travelling in out-of-the-way places, and probably has not seen an English paper. How shall I tell him the awful——."

"May I?"

"You?" he cried, startled, and looking at her with the greatest surprise. "How good you are! But no; it would be too great a trial——"

"It is not good of me. It will be no trial that I cannot bear, George; I wish it. May I?"

"May you? Why of course, since you put it in that way. It will be an awful relief to me. Only——"

"What?"

"There is something you ought to know first. My father is decidedly peculiar. He is reckoned very clever, mind you, in some branches of his profession, but clever people are often



"HE COULD SCARCELY SPEAK AS HE GRASPED HER HAND"

Waldy called, and asked for Mrs. Lorraine.

It made Nella's heart sore to see him; he could scarcely speak as he grasped her hand; "Tell me what I can do for you?" he asked brokenly.

"I wished to see you," she said, "because—because—sorrow seems to be drawing us together. May I call you—George?" she asked, looking with pity at the fair boyish face, and feeling herself years and years his senior.

just a little *odd*, aren't they? I know the pater is. He's got a hobby, Mrs. Lorraine, and it sometimes runs away with him."

"Many people have hobbies——"

"His is a crazy one—rather! He disapproves of punishment for murder—says it ought to be abolished."

"Capital punishment, you mean?"

"No, I don't. That theory is common enough. Father's isn't—yet; but he says soon will be. From *his* point of view murder does not appear to be a crime at all. He writes and lectures on the subject. Only get him on to talk, and he'll forget everything else in the world, and hold forth on that for hours. He might even forget——" he stopped short suddenly, and a spasm of pain crossed his face.

"It is strange," she said musingly, "that a man holding such views should be about to realise——"

"Isn't it?" he interrupted with animation. "And if he sticks to his principles, Mrs. Lorraine, he not only won't prosecute your husband, but will make a friend of him. I beg your pardon, I mean of the dastardly devil who has done this——"

"I have heard of many crazes," Nella said slowly—wondering all the while if she could turn this one to account, "but certainly your father's seems the most extraordinary for any man to advocate."

"Jove! It beats all, doesn't it? But, Mrs. Lorraine, look here, don't you think this—this—terrible affair will—cure him?"

"It is very possible he may see reason to change his views. That would only be human."

"But the pater prides himself on not being subject to ordinary human weaknesses."

"Under other and pleasanter circumstances, how I should like to meet your father! It is refreshing in this old world to meet a man with new ideas. But now——"

"It will be too painful to you, Mrs. Lorraine, I'm certain. What a selfish brute I am."

"Not another word," she said resolutely. "What I have undertaken I will do. I am strong—Oh, you don't

know what almost superhuman strength I feel endowed with now. But tell me, when do you expect Dr. Waldy to arrive?"

"The boat should reach Dover soon after six o'clock."

There was little enough time to spare. After a short consultation over "Bradshaw" they parted, to meet again on the platform at Charing Cross in time for the Dover train.

CHAPTER XI.

A MEDICAL MANIA.

It was in a storm of boisterous wind and pelting rain that George Waldy and Nella Lorraine arrived on Dover Pier.

The Calais boat had been sighted, and they struggled on in the wet darkness, whilst here and there a gleam of flaring gaslight showed the crested waves of the Channel, and the salt spray beating against Nella's face reminded her—oh, how sadly—of the dear "North Countrie" and the change—the woeful change—in her prospects that the last few days had wrought.

It had been arranged between them how the presence of Mrs. Lorraine was to be accounted for; therefore, both silent by mutual consent, they took up their position close to the gangway.

They had not long to wait. The boat arrived. The passengers began to land.

"There's father," said Nella's companion, as a man of military appearance, with perfectly white hair, which, however, he wore rather long, approached within a few yards of them. He was carrying a travelling bag.

"Does he know?" she wondered, as she noted what a grave look his features wore.

"He knows nothing," whispered George, seemingly in answer to her thoughts. "The pater is in one of his absent fits. Let us follow him."

They kept close to Dr. Waldy until he entered the station, then George touched him and he looked round.

"Hollo! my boy. What brings you here?" he asked, his grave face becoming for the moment animated.

"To meet you," the young man answered, simply. "A lady is with me

who wishes to speak to you in private. There is a room here we can have. I've bespoken it on purpose, to avoid being disturbed."

He opened the door of a small, bare, badly-lighted apartment as he spoke; and when they had entered he continued:

"Mrs. Lorraine; my father, Dr. Waldy, whom you wish to consult."

The Doctor bowed, and after looking at Nella keenly, said:

"It is not about yourself, I think. Will you be seated and explain? George, leave us."

"Your son need not go away, Dr. Waldy. No; it is not of myself I have to speak. May I ask if you have seen anything in the newspapers about a supposed murder?"

"I've not read an English newspaper for a week. I've been travelling with a patient far off the ordinary routes. But continue, Mrs. Lorraine, I am attending."

It struck Nella as quite necessary that he should say he was attending, otherwise it might have been doubted. His manner was abstracted to a degree.

"The accused is as innocent as I am, Dr. Waldy. I want you first to be quite assured of this—although the evidence was so strong against him."

"I am entirely in the dark, Madam, as to the circumstances, and can only accept your word for it. But may I ask how you know him to be innocent?"

"I am sure of it."

"A woman's answer. The man is something to you, then?"

"He is everything—all the world—my husband!"

"Ha! But what can I do. You must be more explicit."

"He is accused—O! believe me, most wrongfully—on circumstantial evidence alone, of killing a young girl. He! Oh, Dr. Waldy, when you see him, speak with him, know him—if you have any knowledge of human nature—you will be satisfied instantly that such a thing is impossible. *He could not do it!* The poor girl was found dead in a railway carriage—the evidence said *strangled*; and *he*, because he failed in giving what the law considered a satisfactory account of himself, was arrested

on suspicion, and having no witnesses to prove his innocence, is now in prison, awaiting his trial for wilful murder."

"Fools, fools!" he muttered—(she knew she had his full attention, now)—"I will take up your husband's cause," he continued aloud. "It is a disease of the brain which conduces to murder, and until this becomes an admitted fact the Legislature is responsible for half the murders done. Can you picture to yourself the suffering—the excruciating *mental* agony—a human being may endure before the full disease takes such hold of him as to compel him to do the deed? I never had a clearer illustration of my theory than in the patient I have now been taking abroad. Let me tell you of it, for it seems to bear strongly on your case. The man came to me—we were old chums in India years ago—and knowing I am a specialist, he came and said: 'Waldy, old friend, there's something wrong with me. Hear my case and if you can't cure me, shut me up as a lunatic, for life.' He soon told me his symptoms; they were an overweening desire *to kill*. 'But, my God!' said he, holding his head while he spoke, 'it is my wife, my children—those whom I love best on earth that at times I long to slay with some weapon, or strangle with my own hands. I feel impelled to do it, as though some devil were urging me on, and the agony—the agony—is intolerable.' 'Why do you hold your head?' I asked, as it might seem, irrelevantly. 'Because it aches; but the physical suffering I hail with delight, for then I know I'm safe. It is when that pain leaves me that the mental torment begins?' To make a long story short, I performed a surgical operation, and removed a minute portion of bone which was pressing on the brain, the result of an old injury which had been forgotten. That man is as well now as either you or I. It was the inexpressible delight and pride I felt at seeing him restored to his wife and family *cured*, that induced me not only to go with him to join them in a remote part of France, but also to remain there."

His eyes sparkled with satisfaction; he stood up; he began to walk the floor.

Nella looked at George, who seemed in despair, and she felt he was blaming

her for leading his father—as he thought—too far off the track.

Going up to the doctor and laying a hand softly on his arm: “You *will* see and talk with my husband?” she asked.

“I will, Madam. Do you doubt it?”

“Then listen, I have more to say. Prepare yourself, for it not only concerns you closely, but is most infinitely sad. Your daughter—Bertha——” A lump rose in her throat choking her utterance. Oh! why could she not go on as she had planned?

“What of her? George—what does this mean?”

As George was about to speak, by a superhuman effort Nella recovered herself sufficiently to say:

“Probably you were aware, better than any one else, sir, that she—she—was not strong. But to be seized so suddenly—cut off so young, neither your son nor yourself near her——”

“Great heaven! What has happened? How—when did it occur?”

“She died on Saturday night, quite suddenly. But not alone—thank God! Dr. Waldy, by great good fortune for her and you—though most unhappily for him—my dear husband was with her at the time. He, I repeat, is the only one who can tell you of her end. You have promised me you will go to him. There is a double inducement now, you will hear from his own lips—the truth.”

“Poor Bertie! Poor child! And I not near her—I, who might have saved her! This is one of the penalties of our profession—those nearest us are left, while we—at least give me some details?”

“No one living but my husband can do that.”

“Then take me to him, or bring him—now.”

“George, repeat to your father—for, heaven help me, I can not—where my husband is, and why.”

“Father,” said he, “Mr. Lorraine is in London. You have heard that he is in prison awaiting his trial? He happened to be travelling in the same compartment as poor Bertha, and they think that because he alone was present at the time, he must have killed her. His wife knows he is innocent, and I believe it.”

However much of this scene might have been premeditated, most assuredly

what next occurred was not on the programme. Nella lost all self-control and falling on her knees at this man's feet cried amid half-stifled sobs:

“Dr. Waldy, there is some mystery about this poor girl's death. You alone can solve it. For God's sake do so, and save my husband! Save him!”

“Madam, in the practice of my profession,” he said sternly, as he assisted her to rise, “all personal feeling must be forgotten. What I do will be for the sake of science.”

She was not sorry he spoke. It enabled her to regain composure, and restored her self-reliance; without these, alas, she knew, too well, she would be helpless in fighting the battle that was before her.

A few hours later, Dr. Waldy, George, and Nella returned to London.

On entering her apartments at Charing Cross she found the Major and a gentleman whom the former introduced as the solicitor for the defence.

“You've seen Philip?” asked Nella.

The Major nodded, then said: “He has every comfort that could be expected——”

“Did he ask for me? Did you say I was well and happy, in the belief of his innocence—certain that all would soon be right? Tell me! Don't keep me in suspense.”

Ah! How she hungered for news of Philip! And these two men were newly come from his presence, had talked with him, had touched his hand, looked into his dear eyes, and yet they found no words to tell her of him.

Instead, they exchanged glances, but neither spoke. There was something ominous about that silence which struck her to the heart.

“Can't you speak, uncle, dear?”

“Well! I rather guess I can; but that's more than he did,” he answered, with a compassionate ring in his voice and a softened look in his weather-beaten face which she resented, because she felt instinctively that these signs of kindly sympathy were shown for her—not for her husband.

“Am I to understand that you spoke to him—Philip—and received no answer?”

“That's so.”



"FOR GOD'S SAKE, SAVE MY HUSBAND"

"And that you gave him my letter?"

"I did."

"Well? Oh, go on, please."

"He took it and held it unopened in his hand while we remained."

"Am I not to be told what actually occurred at the interview?"—she asked with studied calmness, trying to brace herself for whatever there might be to come.

Mr. C—— had risen; with hat and gloves in hand he appeared about to go; but at a sign from the Major he answered her question:

"Mrs. Lorraine, the interview with my unfortunate client was not all that might be desired. It had only this result: I saw for myself that he appears deaf, dumb, blind to everything going on around him. On inquiry I find he has maintained the same demeanour ever since he was committed."

Womanlike, Nella guessed instinctively his meaning.

"And you wish me to infer rather

than put it into words, that your line of defence——"

He was looking at her intently, estimating probably what amount of moral courage she possessed. He gauged it favourably, for presently he said, "I congratulate you on your penetration, Mrs. Lorraine. There is only one line of defence possible."

Nella bowed, not trusting herself to speak.

When the Major had seen him from the room, "Uncle dear," said Nella with assumed cheerfulness, "somehow this seems to have been rather a long fatiguing day. I think we'd better say, 'Good-night' and don't—don't look so very sorry for me. See, I do not give way—I will not!"

"Great Cæsar!" he exclaimed below his breath, "what are you women made of?"

"I don't know," she answered wearily, "but we can bear a good deal when—we have to do it."

(To be continued.)